

COUNTRY LIFE

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MISS ALICE HUGHES.

MRS BITTENCOURT AND HER CHILDREN.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE TREATMENT OF THE POOR.

SOME time will have to elapse before public opinion crystallises in regard to the numerous suggestions and recommendations put forward in the weighty Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws. To complicate matters further, there is a Minority Report almost as bulky as that of the Majority. The latter is an able and business-like document which falls into line with its predecessors; the former a brilliant piece of writing on the part of the Commissioners with a leaning towards Socialism. In good time comparison will be made between these respective recommendations; it is enough at present to try and assimilate the facts of the case and consider the changes that are universally considered necessary. For under the operation of the Poor Law great and flagrant abuses have come into existence. The working man earns more wages and pays less for food, dress and education than he did in the middle of last century; yet the country groans under the extraordinary and increasing cost of pauperism. Especially since 1899-90 has it gone up by leaps and bounds. Poor Relief expenditure had swollen from less than eight and a-half million pounds in 1887-8 to more than fourteen and a-half millions in 1895-6. Yet the effect has only been to degrade and demoralise. The workhouse especially has been an influence for evil. We are told of the dishonest pauper who avails himself of its hospitality for purposes of rest at certain seasons of the year, and who qualifies for admission by putting his money into safe keeping till it is convenient for him to seek his discharge; of pensioners who seek their discharge when the quarterly payment is due, and return when they have squandered it; of women who deny that they are married in order to save their husbands the expenses of their confinement; of idle, lazy loafers who regard it as their club or hotel, or comparatively honest men and women who are turned into wastrels by its influence; of young girls corrupted by being brought into contact with the

hardened sinner; of immorality between the inmates. Nobody has a word to say in favour of the workhouse, and that it must go is an inevitable conclusion from the Report of the Commission. Dishonesty and peculation have in many cases attended alike its building and its management. The proposal is that those who at present take advantage of its hospitality should be classified and separated, each being sent to the special institution which has been created to meet a particular want. In this way the mixed company of the typical workhouse will be broken up. The feeble minded will not be forced to bear with the inebriate, and the young girl who is suffering from her first lapse will not have to consort with those who are hardened in vice. It is hoped that by the new arrangement private and public assistance will not overlap as they do at present, but be co-ordinated into a single comprehensive system.

With the workhouse the Board of Guardians will disappear, and the area of the union will be very much enlarged. Cordial agreement may be expressed with both these proposals, even if there be a difference of opinion as to the probable efficacy of the new machinery. Yet no difference on points of detail can militate against the weight and seriousness of the principles laid down in the Report. It is only too true that we have been in the past manufacturing paupers. Our policy in the future should be directed with a view to sending the sufferer from misfortune, and such as have lapsed from steady citizenship, back to the ranks of labour better qualified, both physically and morally, to be useful to the community. There, of course, lies the parting of the ways between the Socialist and the practical politician. It is part of the creed of the former to instil into the citizen the idea that in the last resort he has a right to demand the protection of the State; while the latter preaches the sturdier doctrine that everything depends upon his being able to fend for himself. Nowhere is there more need of the application of these principles than in dealing with unemployment—a question on which it has become customary to waste a great deal of sentiment. Practically speaking, the recommendations of this Commission endorse those of the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to enquire into this subject, and they are wisely calculated to provide help that the genuine seeker for work can accept without loss of self-respect and to bring to book the habitual tramp who lives on what luck sends him and has not the slightest wish to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

A smaller, but essential, matter dealt with by the Commission, is compounding for rates. After a careful examination, the conclusion arrived at is that, by a direct collection of rates, "in the long run the community would benefit not only from less extravagant administration, but from a more active and intelligent interest in local self-government on the part of the electorate." It seems to be undeniable that much of the reckless expenditure of local bodies is due to the mischievous system of compounding by which many of those who have votes avoid the consciousness that public money has to come out of private pockets. Indeed, it is not too early to say a word in favour of economy with regard to any system of reform that may be attempted. In the Majority Report changes are indicated that would involve a very much increased expenditure both in the Home Office, which it is proposed to strengthen and enlarge, and among the local authorities to whom the management of paupers is to be relegated. Mrs. Webb and her collaborators in the Minority Report suggest changes of so enormous and far-reaching a character that a vast increase in taxation would be necessary to carry them out, even partially. At a time of financial difficulty when the citizen is already groaning under exceptional taxation, and has just taken on his shoulders the great burden involved by the Old Age Pensions, the country cannot afford to spend money recklessly. At any rate there has been waste enough of the national resources. Evidence of it is found in every quarter touched upon either by this Commission or any other. We are not receiving full value for what we pay in rates and taxes; yet those who have drawn up the Report scarcely make any attempt to estimate the expense of carrying out their proposals. All the more incumbent is it for the Ministers who ultimately will legislate on the basis of the information thus provided, and for the private citizen who in the end must find the means out of his own pocket, to calculate and weigh the cost that will be incurred before the work of reform is set about.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Bittencourt and her children. Mrs. Bittencourt is the daughter of Mr. Edward Squire of Chili, and her husband is the Attaché to the Chilean Legation in London.

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COUNTRY



• NOTES •

THIS week has seen the Shire horse in possession of the Agricultural Hall at Islington. Next week it will be the turn of the hackney, to be followed by that of hunters and thorough-breds and of polo ponies, while later on June will see horses from all over the world competing with our own in the International Show at Olympia. Whatever may be the opinion as to the usefulness of shows in general, there can be only agreement over the Shire Horse Show. It has since its inception thirty years ago had a widespread effect in raising the fame, standard and, consequently, the price of the British-bred cart-horse. Many of the prize-winners belong to rich men, but the success of a tenant farmer on the first day shows that first prizes are within the reach of the very class to whom the improvement of the breed means so much. If only the farmer will harden his heart and buy pedigree stock it will cost him no more to keep, his farmwork will be more efficiently done and at any moment a prize in the lottery of breeding may be his which will repay him over and over again for his outlay, and evoke sturdy competition around the sale-ring whenever stock of his breeding is put up for sale.

Rex Imperator sounds like a magnificent name for a horse, and it has been most appropriately bestowed on the charger that King Edward VII. is sending as a present to the Sultan. A very Arabian-Nights-like story is told by the *Daily Chronicle* in connection with the present. It seems that certain high officials begged the Sultan that he would occasionally pay his weekly visit to the mosque on horseback, so that his subjects might have the chance of seeing him. He replied with a smile that he would if they would find for him a bay horse with three white spots on his feet, one on each hind foot and one on a fore foot, a white spot between the eyes and a tail reaching to the ground. Whereupon all who were present began to think of places where such a horse could be found. King Edward luckily discovered one in the possession of Lord Ribblesdale at Dublin. It is a first-rate animal that has taken the highest honours in the showyard, and the King has had it specially trained at Windsor, so that the Sultan in a short time will be able to ride his peculiar steed to the mosque.

A keen dispute has been going on between Lord Carrington and Mr. Austen Chamberlain in regard to small holdings. The latter shares to the full the opinion of Mr. Jesse Collings that the best class of small holdings is that of the peasant proprietor, whereas the Government Act chiefly encouraged the hiring of land. It is impossible to say absolutely which is the better way. No doubt, every man who is engaged on the land at all would prefer to own it, if this did not necessitate the laying out of more money than he could afford. The difficulty is that prospective small holders are, as a rule, men who have gathered a very little money by saving and thrift and do not wish to spend any more than can be helped in acquiring land. They can often rent where they cannot buy, and most of them consider that to lay out their money on stock, manure, seed and implements is a better investment than the purchase of land. The history of English peasant proprietors in the past, we have to remember, is one of failure; and in spite of the laudation of small holdings to-day, there are many highly

competent judges who are doubtful whether either a purchase scheme or a hiring scheme is at all likely to produce the success which so many armchair agriculturists think has already been achieved.

An out-of-the-way Parliamentary Paper has been issued giving particulars about legislation in foreign countries respecting a weekly rest day. It has often been said that if there had been no Divine commandment about it, it would still have been necessary and wise to appoint a seventh day of complete rest; and in quite recent times several foreign States have legislated for this purpose. In Germany regulations were passed for safeguarding the rest day in 1904, in Austria in 1905. The next year France followed the example, and was in her turn followed by Switzerland, Belgium, Spain and Italy, while last year Hungary issued orders at the very time when Sir Edward Grey was making enquiries. Many interesting notes accompany the information supplied. In Paris, for instance, we are told that the gradual closing of large shops on Sunday is "gradually inducing the public to change its habits and do its shopping on week days." In the United States there is no law of the nature of the Weekly Rest Day Bill, but some of the State Legislatures have dealt with the question, each in its own way. In California and New Jersey the number of hours and of days per week during which workmen may be employed is fixed by legislation.

Anyone who listened to the address which Sir George Darwin gave to the Authors' Club on the influence of tides on men, must have reflected how stimulating to the imagination is the scientific discovery of to-day. Sir George showed that there were earth tides as well as sea tides. One effect of the latter is to make the earth spin more slowly and still more slowly, and a time will come when its revolutions will be so prolonged that the day will last fifty times as long as it does at present. Sir George went on to remark that in that leisurely age dinners would have fifty times as many courses, and the speeches would be fifty times as long. The prospect from our present standpoint is not very alluring; but no doubt the changes will be accomplished so very, very gradually, and will extend over so many thousands of generations of men, that when they come the race will be prepared for them.

A SONG.

Peace, God's own peace,
This it is I bring you,
The quiet song of sleep
Dear tired heart I sing you.
Dream softly dream
Till solemn Death shall find you,
With coronals of roses
Tenderly to bind you.
Peace past understanding
Dear tired heart I bring you.
The quiet song of evening
Softly I sing you.

JOHN GUNNING.

Naturalists as well as sportsmen will read with great interest the account which Lord William Percy gives in another column of the woodcock which have been marked at Alnwick and shot or identified elsewhere. If the plan were extended, it would enable us to substitute for knowledge that at present is very speculative an exact understanding of the wanderings of birds. Those of the woodcock must to a large extent be unexpected. A very considerable number have been shot in Northumberland itself; but it would appear that a fair proportion of the birds have crossed the sea to Ireland, and some have reached the Continent of Europe, as there is a case from Brittany. As time goes on the list will probably be extended still further and our knowledge of the birds' habits will become still more detailed. It is to be hoped that others will follow the example set at Alnwick. Some time ago we published information about a quantity of teal that had been marked in Denmark, and we hope to have an opportunity of giving a full account of this experiment also.

We are now approaching the end of what seems to be the most extraordinary February on record. Drought we know about in summer, but for a winter month to be marked by practical rainlessness is exceptional, if not unparalleled in the history of English weather. Last week in North Cambridgeshire water was retailed at 2d. a bucket, and the dykes, wells, cisterns and pools in that part of the country are stated to be absolutely empty. In the Midlands a water famine is threatened. The wells of Norfolk, Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire are said to be dwindling in regard to their supply in spite of the old proverb that "when the days lengthen the springs strengthen." If only the frost would go away, the tilth would then promise

the finest seedtime ever known in England. The frost daily brings a certain amount of moisture to the surface, but underneath the earth is as dry as powder.

We are now in the season of Lent, and it is said that more pancakes than usual were devoured on Shrove Tuesday, while Ash Wednesday was also carefully observed. Why pancakes in particular should be eaten on Shrove Tuesday it is difficult to say, except on the ground that before entering upon a period of fast the Churchman of the Middle Ages used to hold high carnival, the very word meaning a farewell to flesh, *carnis* and *vale*. In the North of England there is still some attempt made to keep the old observances in regard to food, and to abstain from flesh on Friday at least during the season of Lent, while, of course, grey peas are consumed on what is called Carlin Sunday, that is, the penultimate Sunday before Easter. The proper food for Easter itself is the egg, which used to be collected by children, hard boiled and dyed in various ways, that they might be thrown about before being eaten. The favourite dyeing material used to be coffee grounds, furze blossom and onion peelings.

Those who can afford to take a holiday at this time of the year are advised to try the Scilly Islands. There they will find a climate milder than that in almost any other part of England; the sunshine has been unbroken for a great part of the winter, and this is the very middle of the flower season, so that the Scilly Islands resemble the Elysian Fields in being overgrown with the asphodel, always taking it on trust that the asphodel and the daffodil are one and the same plant. Flowers are being sent thence to London by the shipload. In a single week at Penzance eighty-four tons were landed, one cargo alone showing a weight of thirty-four tons. It is said that the traffic in flowers has nearly doubled; but, then, the prices realised are not what they were in the days when Mr. Smith introduced the industry to the islands.

The Report of the Poor Law Commission, on which we comment elsewhere, has started what we hope will not become a settled practice. A Minority Report is issued with the Majority Report, signed, among others, by Mrs. Webb. No sooner is the Report published than this document appears as a book published by Messrs. Longman and Co. over the signatures of Sidney and Beatrice Webb. This is an admission in the first place that Mr. Webb had a great deal to do with drawing up that Minority Report, and this though he was not on the Commission. When the King, through his accredited advisers, asks the assistance of a woman on an enquiry, does it necessarily follow that her husband is included in the invitation? On the other hand, the Majority Report is being advertised as being edited by Mrs. Bosanquet. It does not seem to us altogether desirable that those who serve on Royal Commissions should make books, that is to say, money if the books are successful, out of their services. It is very evident that a writer who has "copy" in his eye is not likely to maintain the most judicial attitude when enquiring into a grievance. Being human, he is extremely likely to develop a weakness for the picturesque in preference to what is only truthful.

A result of the case *Burton v. Nicholson*, to which reference was made in these columns a week or two ago, has been action by the Local Government Board. It will be remembered that the case arose out of a motor-car passing a stationary tramcar on the near-side. For the purposes of the Act a tramcar is a carriage, and the ordinance is that motors shall pass all carriages on the off-side. The Local Government Board has very sensibly recognised that this regulation may in certain cases be absurd, and it has therefore issued a notice saying that it is going to rescind the paragraphs which gave rise to the action. The effect, in the words of the letter which has been addressed to the Motor Union, "would be to leave the question of motor-car traffic on roads in matters referred to in the Articles to be governed by the general law applicable to other classes of vehicles." The Local Government Board has acted with commendable promptitude in this matter and deserves some congratulation.

A great supporter of the Turf has gone in Mr. Douglas Baird, member of a family which has been closely associated with racing. The late Mr. Baird became a member of the Jockey Club as far back as 1887. In all his long career as owner of race-horses—an owner who did not bet—he never had the good fortune to own a Derby winner; but many a horse won him races of rather minor importance. He was a member of the Yacht Squadron, and for some years before his death had lived a good deal on his yacht, gradually retiring from racing. He died on the Riviera, a long way from that Kincardineshire home of Ury which the Bairds acquired from a family certainly

no less distinguished in sport—the Barclays of Ury, of whom one was the noted pedestrian who was the first to run 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours.

In an interesting lecture which he delivered at the Surveyors' Institute on Monday, Mr. Martin Collier Duchesne warmly recommended English estate-holders who wished to plant to grow ash. There is no foreign ash equal to the English variety, and he thinks it certain to command a ready sale. It is certainly necessary that estate-owners should think carefully before embarking on any extensive system of planting. Many of the old uses of wood have become obsolete. Coal is now delivered at every cottage in the country, and nearly every cottage has a grate quite unsuitable to burning wood. Wire has to a considerable extent supplemented hop poles, oak bark for tanning does not realise anything like the price it once did and the farmer uses wire and rope netting instead of wattles and hurdles. Soft woods, again, seem to be grown much more easily abroad than at home, so that a great deal can be said in favour of Mr. Duchesne's idea that ash should be planted. He made a further recommendation that foresters in estate work should always take the game into account. After all, shooting is one of the most popular recreations of the English country gentleman, and the planting for covert could easily be worked along with planting for profit. If wisely done, the returns from the timber ought to pay for the shooting.

TO A FEATHER BALL.

The name of Allan still I trace
Upon thy yellow, wrinkled face:
I love to fancy his the grace
And skill that played thee.
And wonder, were the boldness mine
To smite that tough old hide of thine,
Could I strike out some spark divine
Of him who made thee.
His polished art, his counsels sage,
Faint echoes of a bygone age,
Are naught to vandals who engage
In beating Bogeys
And thee my dear old friend dismiss
With kindly tolerance as "this
Laudator acti temporis
This poor old fogey."
Some day upon the further shore
Thou and thy brothers, lost of yore,
With gutty and with rubber-core
Shall sport together:
Ah! then thy stout old heart shall swell
To hear them of great Allan tell
Unconquered on the asphodel
With trusty feather.

B. D.

"The walls of Jericho" is as familiar a phrase as you will find in an old proverb; but it was not until the year 1907 that it was found out where they were and how splendidly they had been built. The credit of the discovery is due to a German *savant*, Professor Ernst Sellin. The excavations conducted under his supervision afford one more testimony to the detailed truth of Biblical descriptions. Jericho, in the days of its pride, stood on an oval plateau and was defended from assailants by no fewer than three walls—an outer wall of stone and brick, an equally strong one inside with inner and outer walls and towers at the corners and another wall round the inner town. Each wall was impregnable to the weapons and military implements in use at the time they were built. The German Professor, who has written a book on the subject, says that the foundation wall must have been put up by men who were "past masters in the art of broken-stone construction." He does not think that modern architects can do any better. Many vessels, necklaces and other articles have been found from which it is possible to build up at least a vague notion of the life that was lived in this magnificent fortress, with its outlook on the fertile valley of the Jordan.

There cannot be a doubt that the coming Australian cricket team will be a very powerful one. On all sides the strength of the batting is admitted. They will be without Clement Hill, but will have two very useful left-handed batsmen in the new men. It is said that they are a little weak in bowling; but they have Cotter, Armstrong and Noble (the captain), to say nothing of Macartney and O'Connor, and we always have a suspicion, founded on painful experience, that every Australian cricketer can come out as something of a bowler when he is wanted. It is a way they have, of rising to the occasion. Bowling, however, is a good deal what the fielding makes it, especially slow bowling. This team that is coming over is said to be quite a remarkable fielding side, even as judged by the very high Australian standard. It is difficult to believe that any Australian bowling is likely to look bad with such a side as this in the field.

Certainly it will make Armstrong's leg breaks very troublesome. Cotter, the fast man, hardly did his reputation justice when he was here before, but it is quite likely that he will make it good again this year.

The subjects discussed at a recent meeting of the Zoological Society excited a good deal more than the usual general interest. Mr. Meade-Waldo's account of the extermination of the sea-elephants and of the penguins on the coasts of South Georgia, for the sake of the blubber and oil, was rather painful, and measures for their protection were talked of; but the most remarkable topic of all was the breeding of the white tern (*Gygis candida*) in Christmas Island. This bird differs so widely from the habits of its nearest relatives as to lay its eggs in a tree, making no nest, but taking advantage of a crevice in the bark. The period of incubation was no less than thirty-six days, and it was another month before the young bird

descended from its branch. These processes, so unparalleled in the history of birds of its kind, were illustrated by Mr. Wood-Jones with photographic slides.

Some of the Scottish papers are singing a kind of pibroch, or lament, over the defeats of native curlers by the visiting Canadian team; but when we come to compare the winter conditions of the two countries, considering that even in Scotland there is often hardly a day in the year when the ice is really good for "the roaring game," surely they ought to regard the occasional successes of the Scottish curlers as quite the best that they should expect. Moreover, the victories of the Canadians have been principally in the North of Scotland, where, rather curiously, they do not appear to be so adept at the game as in the South. Of course, the lack of frost has interfered with many matches, but the Canadians seem to have had "a great time," and the Scots to have no real reason for shame at the results.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S.

THIS year's exhibition will always be remembered by lovers of water-colour art for its remarkable gathering of examples of the genius of J. M. W. Turner, of which there are no less than thirty on view, while the collection contains many specimens of the work of the other masters in water-colour art. Turner, by the fullness of illustration and the splendour of the examples shown, quite dominates the exhibition, and again shows his pre-eminence as the greatest of landscape painters. In addition to these precious works by Turner there are examples by Cox, De Wint, George Barret, Copley Fielding and others of Turner's period, including one delightful little drawing by Bonington. In the company of these masters it is restful to be away from the atmosphere of "isms" that nowadays pervades so many of our exhibitions, especially as so much of the work therein shown is only the reflection of that of foreign artists, produced by the immature and those who have no individuality of their own; many have gained



After Birket Foster.

KOBLENZ.

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a false reputation by these means. It is seldom one has such an opportunity of viewing the great range of Turner's genius as this exhibition affords. The drawings shown are not only varied in their subjects and treatment, but they are in admirable condition, nearly all being as perfect as on the day they were painted. Especially is this the case with such drawings as "Constance," "Heidelberg," "Windsor Castle," "Saumur," the little drawing of "Bow and Arrow Castle, Isle of Portland," a most exquisite study of rock forms which shows Turner's delicate virility to perfection. His "Venice with the Dogana and S. Giorgio" and "Florence from Near San Miniato" are of his more ideal mood, beautiful dreams, but with enough of reality to prevent them from being purely visionary. In this phase of landscape art Turner stands alone as a master. If space permitted, all the drawings are worthy of individual attention in writing as they are of individual study by those who visit the gallery, ranging as they do from the "Southwell

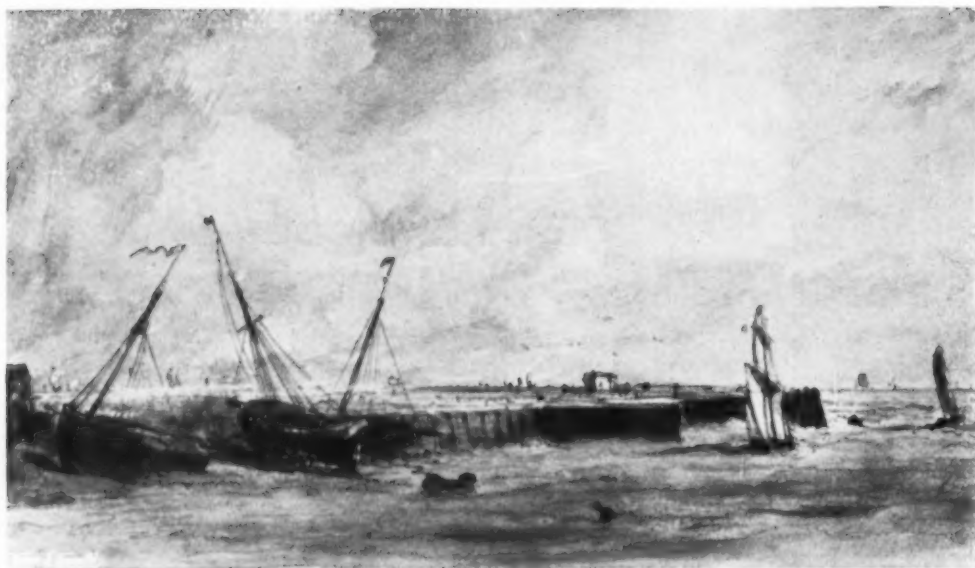


After J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

WORCESTER.

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After J. Constable, R.A.

DOVER.

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After P. De Wint.

NEAR PULBOROUGH, SUSSEX.

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After J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

SAUMUR.

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Minster" (a very interesting drawing) to the dream of "Venice with the Dogana." To be noted for their exquisite gradation are the two drawings of "Rosehill Park, Brighton Observatory in the Distance," and "View of Pevensey from Rosehill Park," in which the soft, undulating forms and the colour peculiar to the South Downs are perfectly rendered; they are also exquisite examples of gradation from foreground to distance, a quality Turner never failed to realise in all his work. The earlier work of "Inverary, Loch Fyne," is remarkable for its fullness of colour and curious for Turner's representation of all the boatmen in Highland dress, no doubt done to express to the Southerner the fact that the scenery is Scottish. One has to remember that this drawing was executed before 1805, when the scenery of Scotland had not been made known by the genius of Sir Walter Scott. To the mass of those living in the South it was an unknown country. To many of his drawings of Scotland the painter gave this mark of their nationality. The singular position that Turner occupies in the world of art is again emphasised by this exhibition, while in figure work it is debatable as to whether Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez, or Rubens occupies the premier place. Turner's wonderfully subtle knowledge of the effects of Nature, his masterly yet delicate drawing, his splendid colour and great range of subjects mark him out as the head of this particular branch of art; and it must be remembered that he during his life carried it from being little more than in monochrome and simple in light and shade, to the fullest achievement of colour and execution. This he did as a water-colour painter; in oil painting he carried on the work in which Richard Wilson had pointed the way, and though fine artists like Constable, De Wint, David Cox, Bonington and others worked in his time, he is The Master.

Among the other drawings here are several by De Wint. That entitled "Haymaking in Lincolnshire" is representative of his masculine art; it is powerful in colour and executed in his clear and broad manner. The subject is admirably treated, every object being well placed and yet not obtrusive; the sky has faded, as many of De Wint's have, but it is very beautiful in its pale gold colour and gives an impression of autumn haze which fits the subject; another powerful study by him is "Near Pulborough." There is a Cotman, "Old Hulks on the Thames," which is beautiful in its sober colour, and the "Welsh Stream" by Müller is a good example of his direct and strong rendering of his view of Nature. There are several examples of Prout and David Cox; by the former drawings of his favourite subjects, such as "Apsidal Chapel, S. Pierre, Caen," "An Old Town on the Rhine" and "Market Place, Nuremberg"; by the latter there is a very beautiful drawing with that breezy quality he loved so much, "Water Mill near Pont-y-Pant," and others showing his love

for mountain forms and pastoral scenery, his silvery colour and open daylight effects, especially noticeable in his skies. Copley Fielding is well represented by "Arundel Castle from the River" and "Near Inveroran, Breadalbane," in both of which the gradation from foreground to distance is beautifully rendered; this was a quality which Copley Fielding rarely missed, and these two drawings are in perfect condition. H. S. Hine's drawings of "Houndean Valley, near Lewes," and "On the South Downs" adequately represent his love of his native county and are full of his feeling for the quiet repose of the soft undulating Downs he so often made the subject of his work. By another artist who belonged to Hine's later time, T. Collier, are two drawings. "Arundel Park," looking over Arundel Castle towards Littlehampton, is fine in its rendering of middle distance and distance, and beautiful in its silver tones, especially in the sky. The whole drawing is broad and vigorous in its execution. The other drawing, "In the New Forest," is also vigorous and full of light. Among other drawings worthy of study there are: "The Pet of the Home," by William Hunt; a very good Robson, "Dunne Castle"; a beautiful silvery George Barret, "Tending the Flock"; a good T. F. Lewis, "Greeting in the Desert"; an unusually good little drawing by S. Austen, "Off Hastings"; and one by a little-noticed artist, F. Mackenzie, "The Abbey Gateway, Reading." A Linnell of "Windsor Forest" shows that he could command cool tones as well as he did warm ones. Lastly, there is a very powerful little drawing by Bonington of "The Death of Leonardo da Vinci." The figure works by deceased artists are very few, but Frederick Walker is represented by two of his best works, very delightful to see again, "The Fishmonger's Shop" and "The Ferry," both well-known drawings and most beautiful renderings of their subjects. G. J. Pinwell, a contemporary of Walker, has a charming small drawing, "Well, I must go"; it is a little harsh in colour, but beautiful in feeling. William Hunt I have already mentioned, John Gilbert is well represented and also Downman. As I do not consider that a brother artist should act as a public critic of the works of his living contemporaries, I do not touch upon that section of the exhibition; but before closing this article I should like to call attention to the generosity of Messrs. Agnew, who devote all the proceeds of the exhibition to the use of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, a fund which in these times needs every assistance that can be given to it by those who love art. Messrs. Agnew have shown their generosity in this way upon several previous occasions.

JAMES D. LINTON.

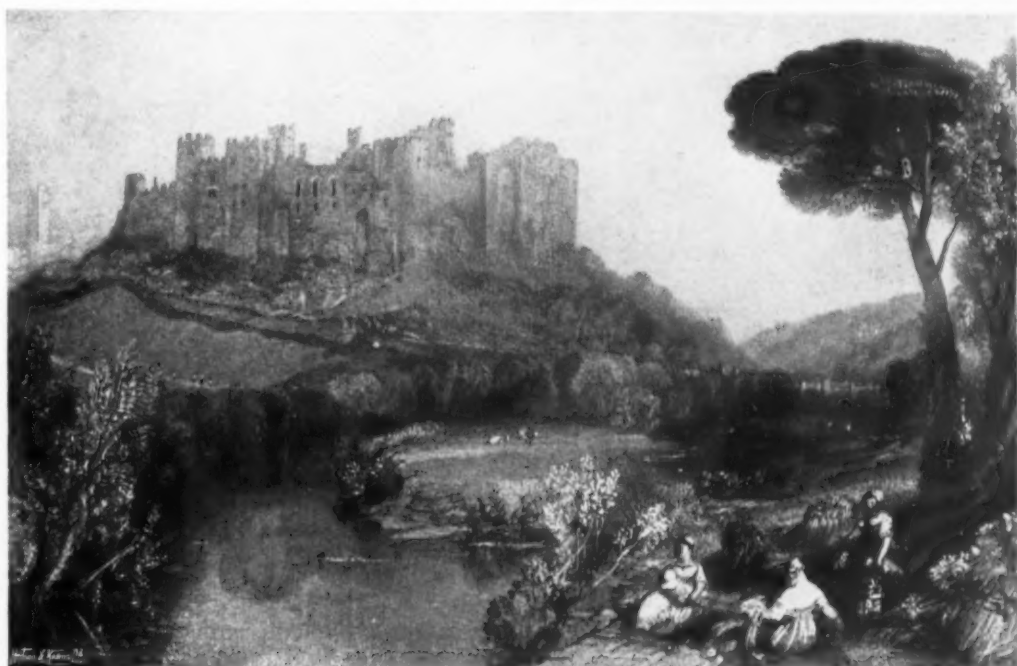
THE JOHN INNES HORTICULTURAL INSTITUTION.

AFTER the lapse of four years we have now before us the Charity Commissioners' scheme for this fund. It will be remembered by most of our readers that by a will proved on August 11th, 1905, the late Mr. John Innes of the parish of Merton in Surrey left a very considerable fortune for the endowment of a place at which horticulture could be taught. The trustees in May, 1906, applied to the Board of Charity Commissioners, and the scheme before us is the result. It includes a great many plans of a highly meritorious kind. The poor have not been forgotten, and a yearly sum of £350 is to be applied by the trustees to such charitable objects as they from time to time may select. Scholarships tenable at the Rutlish School at Merton are to be established, a sum of £154 annually being destined for this purpose after the second year. The Boys' Club, Merton, the upkeep as a park of that portion of the grounds which is not taken up by the new institution and other minor objects are duly attended to; but the object that interests us most is the Horticultural Institution. It is described in the scheme as being designed "for the promotion of horticultural instruction, experiment and research." If there be yet time, we would beg those who are organising the staff and college to lay at least as much stress on

the first of these subjects as on the other two. The country urgently needs a College at which men and women will be adequately trained and equipped for the calling of gardener. The question of experiment and research we believe to be of minor importance as regards this particular school. Not that we wish to minimise the scientific aspect of horticulture; but in this case practical teaching is of the first importance, as the aim of the founder was undoubtedly to fit young people for the work of gardening. The representative members of the Council have been appointed as follows:

Two by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries;
One by the Royal Horticultural Society;
One by the Fruiterers' Company;
One by the National Fruit Growers' Federation;
One by the Hebdomadal Council of the University of Oxford;
One by the Council of the Senate of the University of Cambridge;
One by the Senate of the University of London;
One by the Governing Body of the Imperial College of Science and Technology.

The selection of bodies from which representatives are to be chosen is very good indeed, but it will devolve upon them to see that practical teaching is carried out. Those chosen so far are, we understand, Lieutenant-Colonel Prain, Director of



After J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

LUDLOW CASTLE.

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the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, and Mr. Brooke Hunt, representing the Board of Agriculture. Sir Daniel Morris will represent the Royal Horticultural Society, while Professor Biffen has been chosen by the Senate of Cambridge University. All this means that the scientific work of gardening is sure of attention. We hope that the practical side will not be lost sight of. The functions of the Council are defined as, in the first place, "to establish and maintain the Institution for the purposes of affording practical and scientific training for those engaged or desiring to be engaged in the industry or employment of horticulture"; secondly, "to carry out investigations and research, whether of a practical or scientific nature, into any matters having reference to the growth of trees and plants generally, but especially of fruit trees, shrubs, fruit, vegetables and flowers; and to investigate and demonstrate the best methods of their cultivation, their habits and leading characteristics, together with the soils and localities in which they may be most inclined to flourish." The third direction is that they are "to endeavour to improve existing varieties, or to create and introduce new ones." It will be admitted on all sides that a greater bequest has seldom been left for the benefit of the British public.

From the schedule accompanying the plan we see that the annual income reaches very nearly £8,000 a year. Wisely used, this fund ought to give a fair number of the rising generation an insight into the best methods and the latest knowledge connected with the cultivation of the soil, thereby doing incalculable good to the public at large. Every student who goes forth to any remote part of the country amply and thoroughly equipped to apply the most advanced scientific teaching to the production of those fruits of the earth which are used for food alike for mind and body becomes a centre whence improved and greater knowledge emanates all round. Thus, although the benefaction is local in name, its advantages

are calculated to spread over the whole kingdom. But, of course, much will depend upon the wisdom of the representative Council which is now being formed and the character of the staff appointed by them. It is in their power to make of the place a merely experimental station, or at least to give scientific experiment the more pronounced place in its working. On the other hand, they have the means at their disposal of making such a centre of horticultural teaching as exists nowhere else; and this would appear to be the ground which it is most desirable to cover. Merton could never rival or, at any rate, could not surpass other experimental stations. Professor Biffen is doing such excellent work at Cambridge, Mr. Hall at Rothamsted, Colonel Prou at Kew and the Duke of Bedford at Woburn that official experiment is done almost as well as is possible. As a centre for horticultural teaching it has the ground nearly all to itself, and soon might attain an unrivalled position. Moreover, we trust that the appointments already made to the Council mean that the eminent men who have been chosen will come into contact with the students when they get to work, so that the inspiration that comes from knowing what secrets the science of the day

is laying open may produce its proper effect on those whose daily task it is to learn sound and practical methods of managing a garden. And we hope that attention will not be wholly confined to the purely utilitarian side of horticulture; that is to say, the cultivation of fruit and vegetables. "Man shall not live by bread alone" is an oft-quoted aphorism. We trust that on the Council some will ultimately find a place who understand horticulture as a beautiful art. Certainly if the aim of the late Mr. Innes was, as we believe it was, to fit a certain number of the rising generation to earn their living by horticulture, his wishes would not be set aside, but well carried out, if provision were made to secure the teaching of what we may call the aesthetics of gardening. The young student who was able to produce changing harmonies of colour all the year round, who could make the surroundings of a country house beautiful, and knew the most effectual means of attenuating the ugliness of many town houses, would be much more certain of earning a decent income than the student who was most thoroughly versed in botany and learned in the names and histories of the individual plants. The dictionary-maker is all very well, but he is only assistant to him who constructs beautiful sentences.

UNIVERSITY ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.



A RUN BY OXFORD.

A DRAW is an unsatisfactory score in an important match, a "most lame and impotent conclusion." But it represented the respective merits of Oxford and Cambridge at Queen's Club last Saturday fairly enough. To those who had struggled for a view of the Rugby match before Christmas amid thousands of spectators wound up to a high pitch of

enthusiasm at the stern struggle, the attitude of the comparatively small crowd on this occasion must have seemed sedate—not to say phlegmatic; but there was some pretty football for all that between the 25 yds. lines. Once in front of goal, however, both sets of forwards failed constantly and feebly. There was little sting in most of their shots and less accuracy, and the goal-

keepers, Mr. Appleton and Mr. Pinkham, the latter from the Rugby Union School, The Leys, had an easy task, though on some five occasions at each end a forward had a free shot from within a short distance. Both teams were so evenly matched that it was a little hard to gauge the standard of the play, but, with the shooting left out, that of the forwards was all on the right lines. They for the most part dominated the game. They dribbled well, kept their distances, did not "part" till the right moment and then picked the right man for their pass. The play of the back division was uneven. They were often beaten by the attack; but Mr. Braddell, an Old Carthusian, did sterling work throughout for Oxford at full back on the left, and it was due to him as much as to their own want of shooting power that the Light Blues failed to score in the second half. The day was a perfect one, with bright sunshine and practically no wind, and on walking across the ground afterwards it was impossible to attribute the weak shooting to the state of the turf, which was in good order.



THE CAMBRIDGE OUTSIDE LEFT DRIBBLING.

Within 2min. of the start Oxford made their first attack on the Pavilion goal. Mr. Berry had his chance, but nothing came of it. Then almost directly afterwards the right wing brought the ball down, the outside centred admirably and Mr. Sayer from inside left beat the goalkeeper. Then the Cambridge front line began to press. Their inside right placed the ball for Mr. Squire, and after the shot for a second or two the ball was lying just in front of goal. The Oxford backs cleared eventually, but then Mr. Edwards dribbled down on the right touch-line, passed to Mr. Brisley; from him the ball reached Mr. Bache in the centre, and he shot. The goalkeeper saved, but only to see Mr. Squire dash in and beat him with a high one. So the score was made level.

From now on to the end of the first half exchanges ruled very equal. The Oxford forwards gave Mr. Pinkham plenty to do. A fairly hard shot by Mr. Berry struck the bar and another went straight at his knees. Then half time came. In the second half many good runs were made; but the finishing touch was invariably wanting in front of goal, though the backs had been out-manceuvred. Such play could evoke little enthusiasm among the spectators, and except Mr. Braddell's determined defence and a really fine dribble for more than half the ground by Mr. Squire there was little to record. That same run of Mr. Squire's was a splendid object-lesson to both Association forwards and Rugby three-quarters in the art of going on "on their own." He came straight down the field, was not tackled and therefore held on at top speed. When at last the back went for him he knew exactly where his centre was and got in a beautifully accurate short pass to him. This is the sort of play that draws the defence and makes the game for the man who ultimately receives the pass.

Despite repeated attacks by Cambridge the score remained unaltered to the end and, for only the second time in the history of the Universities, the match was left drawn, each having seventeen wins to its credit.

The captains of next year's elevens have had a lesson which they will no doubt take to heart of the utter uselessness of a team which cannot shoot. Here was a match which either side could have won at any stage of the game by a well-directed shot with some powder behind it. The centring was good enough, the passing left a clear goal time after time at either end, but the forwards failed, the halves and backs never tried. Yet, shooting by halves and backs should not be as rare as it is. When an attack on goal by forwards fails and the ball is cleared, but not far, that is the moment when a half-back who backs up well gets his deadliest shot in. The opposing backs and his own forwards are masking the goalkeeper, and a short dribble and a quick shot has every chance of scoring. Passing in front of goal has



A TACKLE THAT FAILED.

been overdone. It only gives time for the backs to get back, and if only everyone within 20yds. of goal would get a hard shot in as soon as possible, they would be astonished at the increase in their scoring. It may sound absurd to talk of full-backs shooting, but the writer will never forget some twenty-five years ago seeing a Repton back, Mr. Dewhurst, score a goal against Derby County from near the halfway line. The ball came right up field from a corner; he steadied it and let drive and the ball dropped through without the goalkeeper laying a finger on it. Mr. Branton, before ever he reached Charterhouse, used to upset the Bournemouth Preparatory Schools considerably by the way he rattled shots in from behind his halves, and when forwards fail, such shooting has everything to gain, especially when, as on Saturday last, the alternative, the passing by the back division to their forwards, was not of a very high order.

The standard of University football has for a long time been far below what it ought to be. Good men go up well trained from the older public schools; yet the moment they reach the University they, in the absence of the old school discipline, too often are to be seen violating some of the sound canons of the game, and by no means atoning for it by increased brilliancy of play. The Rugby Union captains are going back to the traditions of Vassall and coaching their teams energetically and firmly. It is to be hoped the Association cap aims will do the same. Without a firm captain the brilliant individual player, above all conventions of the game, is a dangerous man in a team; his faults are promptly copied by men who have not his brilliance as an excuse.

The referee, of course, in a match like this has an easy time, and is rarely called upon to decide anything beyond off-side. The gentleman officiating on Saturday took an even more lenient view of his duty. He spent a happy time around and about the centre line, and on two occasions in the second half Mr. Edwards was enabled to receive passes and get in centres which a more active referee would have checked. It was fortunate that the score was not thereby affected.



THE OXFORD ATTACK FOILED.

*WINTER'S SUNSHINE.*



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE REGENERATION OF DAISY BELL.

BY
FLORA ANNIE STEEL.



"IT is quite out of the question," said the Adjutant, severely. "Major Primmer has formally complained, and the C.O. has desired me to—to—to see that the nuisance is abated—"

So far regimental discipline kept the Adjutant's risible muscles under control; then he smiled, for he was more human than adjutants are wont to be in orderly-room. "And, upon my soul, youngster," he went on, picking up a letter which lay beside him, "it is a bit hard on Primmer. I can imagine his disgust! H'm, h'm—*have to report*—Ah! here—*As usual I woke with the entry of my body-servant bringing my early tea. As usual also I lay for a few moments to collect my thoughts; but when I turned to pour out the beverage—good old Primmer—my disgust was great to find Lieutenant Graham's so-called tame monkey—I may interpolate that it is a specimen of the Presbytis schistaceus, a bold and predatory tribe, and not the Presbytis entellus, a much milder race—good old Primmer again; he's nothing if not exact—in full possession of my tea-table. The brute had consumed all the toast, save one crust, which I regret to say it threw at me when I attempted remonstrance.*"

We both laughed.

"Can't you see Major Primmer, V.C., sitting up in bed with his eye-glasses on in a mortal funk," I began, trying to brazen it out. But official decorum had resumed its sway over the Adjutant, and he read on.

"*It then proceeded with an accuracy which I cannot believe to be entirely self-taught—H'm, Graham, that is serious; remember he is your superior officer—to imitate closely my method of pouring out tea. This is peculiar, as I invariably put the milk in first. My efforts at checking the lawless brute were again quite unavailing; and resulted only in the deliberate emptying of the scalding hot tea over my nether night garments.*"

"Why couldn't he say his pyjamas," I groaned, captiously; for I recognised that things had gone a bit too far. I had had no idea Jennie had such a fund of humour.

But once more official decorum failed to respond.

"*This, I may add, it did again and again, until the teapot was exhausted. It then pouched the whole contents of the sugar-basin, drank the milk and smeared its head with the butter. The latter action appeared to arouse reminiscence. It repaired to my dressing table, brushed its hair with my brushes, used my pomade hongroise, and then proceeding to the wash-hand-stand, nefariously laid hold of my tooth-brush. This, however, was too much. I rose. At the same moment my body-servant providentially appeared with my hot water, and the brute, jabbering at me in unseemly fashion, made for the window, which I always keep open winter and summer. I have already requested Lieutenant Graham to remove this savage animal; and now have no option—*"

The Adjutant laid down the letter. "It's hard on Primmer," he said, with almost superhuman solemnity; "the tooth-brush incident was—" he resumed speech after a brief pause, "and he is a good sort is old Primmer."

I was perfectly aware of the fact. Only the week before, when we were out in the jungle, he had dosed me with quinine and taken my temperature every two hours during an attack of fever and ague.

So Jennie the monkey must give way; but what the deuce was I to do with her? I did not want to have to shoot her.

"Give her to Tootsie," suggested the Adjutant, sympathetically; "I heard her say not long ago she would give anything for a monkey."

It was a brilliant idea. Miss d'Aguilar, familiarly known as Tootsie, performed the arduous duties of spinster to our little frontier station; so that afternoon, before going on duty, I rode round by "The Forest," so called, I presume, because

there was not a bit of vegetation larger than a caper bush between it and the Beluchistan Hills.

I found the young lady and her mother—a frankly black-and-tan lady who looked as if she would have been more comfortable with a veil to roll round her fat person—engaged, after their wont, in entertaining some of the junior subalterns at tea. As I entered, Tootsie—a sparkling brunette with gloriously startling Titian brown hair, due to cunning applications of henna dye (there were traces of it on Mamma's hands)—was, in a high-pitched staccato voice, recounting with arch gaiety her impressions of Calcutta, whence she had but lately returned. "Yes! I do declare the men are just sillies. Why! do not believe me, but I asked a young fellow in a Europe shop to bring me flesh-coloured stockings, and he brought me tan! Was he not a silly boy?"

The pause which inevitably followed this anecdote seemed a fitting opportunity for somewhat sentimentally offering Jennie. Had I offered a bomb the effect could not have been more disastrous. Miss grew crimson; Mamma, purple and plethoric, wondered how any gentleman could keep such a nasty brute, still less offer it as a fit companion to an innocent young girl.

Evidently Jennie had again got herself disliked; how, the junior sub. told me succinctly as we rode home.

"You see, Tootsie dyes her hair—and henna's a bit of a lengthy business. They don't mind me, I'm only a boy; but she has to have it plastered over her head for hours. So she has a big hat with a false bun and fringe for these occasions. And Jennie got hold of it somehow last week. I happened to be there; and, by George, I cheived the beast half over cantonments before she would give it up—she's a regular devil."

I sighed. Evidently the culprit must be shot. She had no friends.

As I came up to the guard-room, however, I heard a song being lifted out by a tenor voice into the hot dusty air. The refrain of London sounded odd here in the desert on the confines of civilisation.

Dy'sy, Dy'sy, give me yer answer dew,
I'm half cry'sy all for the love o' yew.

"Yes, sir," reported the sergeant. "It's Dy'sy, sure enough. He's in agin; more often in nor out."

"What for?" I asked, a trifle regretfully, for the man, nicknamed by his comrades Dy'sy from his habit of perpetually warbling that aggravating ditty, was rather a favourite of mine. He was a perfectly reckless rolling stone, a bad shilling of about five-and-thirty, who from the way he had, when not on his guard, of assimilating drill must have been through it several times. But over his past he drew a veil; and, indeed, his present was sufficient for character. He had come out with a draft in the cold weather, and already his evil influence with the recruits was notorious. Yet I liked the fellow; he was a first-class light-weight bruiser, out and away the best in the regiment. I had taken lessons of him, and his devil-may-care defiance had been attractive.

"Same as before, sir," replied the sergeant. "Shindy in Number Three. Tain't no manner o' use shittin' is room. He'd purwurt a Sunday School."

Solid truth in every word! Yet the light blue eyes which met mine had a twinkle in them that softened my heart.

"If you are such a cursed fool," I said, as sternly as I could, "you'll come to grief."

His face took on sublime innocence. "Beg pardin, sir; but it rarely ain't fair w'en a party is trying to do 'is dooty to 'is parsters an' marsters. Them young chaps was makin' fun h'over your monkey usm' the major's py-jamas h'as a slopper; an' I only tole 'm it was kind o' disrespectful like, as she meant it h'all in k'yindness, an' bid 'm hold their jaw. That's how the tin dishes got h'injured, for," he added with great dignity, "I won't

'ave no slanderin' o' dumb animals as can't speak up for thesselves."

A gleam of hope shot through me. "You're fond of animals, are you?" I asked.

For once candid confidence came to him. "Well! I don't know, sir," he replied, "but 'twas the loss o' a dorg as fust set me wrong." He gave a glance towards the sergeant, who was discreetly retiring, and then went on. "I was but a young chap, just gone twenty, and the dorg was a bull terrier, sir, as good as they make 'm. Syme n'yime as your monkey, sir—Jennie. We was chums. Then I got a gel, one o' the yaller-haired kind, sir, an' I was a fool about her, as young chaps is apt ter be. Well, sir, I 'adn't bin just steddly—no real 'arm, you know, but sort o' light like. But I settles down an' begins ter screw against gettin' married. The yaller-haired gel was livin' with me, sir, so as to save time like, but we was sure to get married in church an' go h'off emigrating so soon as I'd got the 'oof. An' Jennie was to go too, for she an' me was chums. Well, sir, there was a big, black chap, coster he was, I licked him more nor once for 'angin' round; but there! females are built that way. So it 'appened when I come 'ome one h'evening that I found 'er gone, an' the 'oof too. An' Jennie—" he drew his hand slowly over his mouth—"Jennie had died game, sir. She 'ad a bit of the big black brute's corduroys betwixt 'er teeth, but 'e'd bashed 'er 'ead open with 'is boot."

There was silence. Then he went on with a reckless laugh, "'Tweren't the gel, sir; there's plenty o' them ter be got, yaller hair an' all. But Jennie an' me had been chums."

Five minutes later the monkey had changed masters. To oblige me and save Jennie from being shot Dy'sy Bell had promised to take care of her.

"I 'ud rather 'ave no money, sir," he said, when he appeared to fetch her away and I offered him something towards her keep, "'Twould only go to the canteen, and if I gets into trouble 'oo'd look after 'er?"

"'Er," I may mention, had just bitten his finger through to the bone, an action which he dismissed with the remark that "females was built that way."

Three days later, as I rode past Number Three barrack, I saw Jennie cracking nuts on a brand-new perch. Dy'sy, it now appeared, was quite a smart carpenter and had made it himself in the workshop. Three days after that again, the perch was embellished by a brass chain, and Dy'sy admitted shamefacedly that he had once been in a foundry. So time passed on, until it occurred to me that Dy'sy had ceased to come into prominence before me as company officer, and I questioned the sergeant concerning him.

That official did not move a muscle. "Number Three's h'as quiet h'as a Orphin Asylum now, sir. As I lies in my bunk I don't 'ear no whisper. But it was Bedlam broke loose the fust night after Jennie come, sir. I lay low, seeing as there never was no use in tryin' to get at the bottom o' that sort o' row in the dark, sir. An' next morning 'arf the room complained of 'avin' a h'unbaptised brute put to bed with 'em. The monkey slep' with Dy'sy, sir, so I spoke to 'im, an' told 'im I c'u'dn't 'ave no more complaints, an' he replied, quite civil-like, as there h'u'dn't be none. An' there wasn't; but 'arf the men 'ad black eyes that week, sir, though 'ow they came by 'm they didn't say."

I did not enquire. It was sufficient for me that Number Three barrack was rapidly becoming regenerate. As I passed one day I heard a voice say, "Now, boys! I won't 'ave no cuss words; they ain't fit for a lydy to hear."

"You don't go so often to the canteen as you used to, Bell," I said to him one day, when I found him sitting alone in the verandah nursing Jennie, who jibbered at me.

"Ain't got the money, sir," he replied, cheerfully. "Neringis and sich-like is a horful price in this Gord-forsaken spot, an' Jennie's been a bit ailin'; won't eat nothing else."

"Well, you'll be getting your stripes soon, I expect, if you go on as you are doing," I remarked.

He flushed up. "I 'opes so, sir," he said, modestly. "Jennie 'u'd set store by a striped sleeve, females being built that way."

My prophecy proved correct. Dy'sy was made a corporal, and before long, in the Border campaign which the cold weather brought us, found himself a sergeant, and so eventually in charge of a telegraph station on the top of one of the passes to our rear.

It was an important post to keep open, since on the integrity of the wire through a mile or so of singularly difficult country hung the certainty of speedy relief, should any kind of disaster overtake our little force which was intimidating the tribes in the valleys beyond.

And disaster did overtake it, chiefly by reason of a terrific snowstorm which swept over it early in February—a snowstorm which paralysed progress and made all thoughts turn to the probability of that mile of telegraph wire remaining intact.

No supplies could, of course, be sent up, so the men in the station must either starve or return, if indeed they had not been overwhelmed already. The latter seemed the most likely, since,

though the through wire remained open, not a signal came from the station.

"An avalanche most likely," said the Adjutant. "The station was built, I always said, in the wrong place. What luck the wire isn't damaged as yet. It won't be long before it is, I'm afraid."

It was, however, still going strong when four men, one badly frost-bitten, made their way into camp. They had started five, they said, by Sergeant Bell's orders after they had with difficulty extricated themselves from the ruins of the house, which had been completely smashed up by a tremendous avalanche. It was impossible, Dy'sy had said, to keep the post and six men also, so he had given them what supplies he could spare—the store was luckily uninjured—and bidden them take their best chance of safety at once.

As for his, it seemed but slender, as I felt when, a fortnight later, we managed to cut our way through the drifts that lay round the hollow where the station had stood. Across this hollow the through wire still stretched, and quite recently someone had evidently been at work upon it, for tools lay on fresh frosted snow. But all was still as the dead, quiet as the grave. We found Dy'sy lying on his face in the store many feet below the snow surface. The steps cut down to it were worn with the passing of his feet, but he did not move when we bent over him; something, however, cuddled close in his arms woke and jibbered at us angrily. It was Jennie, dressed for warmth in every rag of blanketing available. She was as fat as a pig, and the charcoal embers in the tin can hung round her neck were not yet quite cold. But Dy'sy was skin and bone; yet the Irish doctor, as he bent hastily to examine him, said, cheerfully: "Annyhow, his love for the baste may have saved his life; she's kept his heart warm whatever."

And she had.

Six weeks afterwards I sat beside him in hospital. He showed thin and gaunt still in his grey flannel dressing-gown, and two fingers were missing on his left hand.

"Well!" I said, "so they've given you the D.S.M., and a special pension if you want to go."

He smiled brilliantly.

"Don't want to, sir. Jennie she likes the H'army; females is built that way. And as for t'other, 'twas really Jennie done it. I couldn't take her through the snow—she'd 'a' died for sure. An' I couldn't leave her, so there wasn't no choice."

EPITAPHS.

THESE "meditations among the tombs" afford many a glimpse of the days when the parish clerk ruled with a rod of iron. Here is an illustration from Bakewell:

The vocal powers here let us mark
Of Philip, our late parish clerk.
In Church none ever heard a layman
With a louder voice say "Amen."

And here is another from Bibury, Gloucestershire:

I hawk'd and hem'd and sang and spit
And vex't my throat full sore.
Some when I sang were pleas'd at it,
And some, when I gave o'er.

Stowe, in his "Survey," quotes this "faint praise" from the Church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane:

Here lieth wrapt in clay
The body of Wm. Ray.
I have no more to say.

And the following pomposity may be read to this day in the porch of Uffington Church, Berkshire:

In memory of Martha
Wife of Angel Lockey Esq.
She was a sincerely pious Christian,
and if there were any virtues that she
did not practise, they could only
be such as those with which she was
unacquainted.

The inflated style of epitaph after the Reformation is directly opposed to the pathetic humility of earlier days. Let us compare them. Here is the famous inscription in memory of John Gower in the Church of St. Mary Overie, Southwark. A fresco on the wall represents three virgins, each with a device, as follows:

CHARITY. En Toy Qui es Filz de dieu le Père
Sauve soit que gist souz cest piere.
MERCY. O bonne Jesu, fait ta mercie
A l'palme dont le corps gist icy
PITY. Pur ta pitié Jesu regarde
Et met cest alme en sauve garde.

Mr. Baring Gould quotes an epitaph written by a man for himself and his wife. So far as I can remember, it runs thus:

Born the same day
Married the same day
And became parents simultaneous.

Of the lord of the manor and his wife, at Buckland Church in Berkshire, we read that :

Both liv'd lively examples of conjugal,
Paternal, maternal, and religious virtue.
The Baronet particularly honoured for
Morall, economical and prudential merit.
The ladie revered for
Sanctimonious zeal, humble and constant patience
Abundant charitie, and admirable justice.

Reader !

Depart !

Imitate !

1648.

The following contains elements of real poetry :

Graves are lodgings to the blest
Not of horror but of rest,
Cabinets yt safely keep
Mortall's relics while they slepe,
Wn the trump shall all awake
Every soule here now shall take
And from yt which putrifies
Shall immortall bodyes rise.
In this faith these liv'd and dyed
In this hope they here reside.

(John Knight and Johan his wyfe,
Banbury 1590).

The grief of widow or widower is sometimes touchingly expressed. James Bantin wrote thus of his wife, who died in 1712 :

Too good wast thou on earth to dwell with me,
Nor was I good enough to dye with thee.

The "sure and certain hope" is worthily expressed on an altar-tomb in Burford Church, Oxfordshire :

I · GO · TO · SLE
PE · BEFO
RE · YOU

AND · WEE
SHAL · WAKE
TOGEATHER.

This is the tomb of Richarde Rainoldes and his wife. The former was one of the "Baillyffes" who, in 1574, welcomed Elizabeth to Burford. Very touching is the inscription on a stone in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. It consists of four words :

Jane Lyster, deare child.

Beautiful also are these lines from Brockenhurst in the New Forest :

In memory of our dear old Nurse, 60 years in our family.

On that blessed shore,
Afar from care and sin,
I know that I shall watch and wait,
Till He—the Keeper of the gate—
Lets all the children in.

It would be hard to find a pleasanter picture of friendship and loving remembrance in five lines than this at Stokesay, Shropshire :

Autumn came and Thomas had
Nuts and apples for the lad ;
He to manhood having grown
Determined to erect this stone,
The soul of Thomas having flown.

At Cirencester may be read the following :

Reyse Gracious Jhu to endless lyfe
At thy grete dome when al shal apere
Hugh Norys the Groc' and Johan hys wyf
Now ded in grave and beryed here.
Yo' p'yers desyring these soules for chere
The X day of July the yere
Of Our Lord M.CCCCC. xxiv.

In conclusion, let us quote the excellent advice to be found in the churchyard of Harold Ewyas, Herefordshire :

Reader ! pass on ! nor waste your time
On bad biography, and much worse rhyme,
For what I am, this cumbrous stone immures
And what I was, is no concern of yours.

EDITH HUGHES.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF WILD BIRDS.

THE most important item in the outfit specially necessary for the photographing of living animals is, after the lens, some device for concealing the camera, or operator, or both. I am almost inclined to rank it before the lens in importance, inasmuch as it is obviously useless to possess the most perfect lens that was ever made if there is no opportunity to bring it within working distance of the desired quarry. In nine cases out of ten success in this difficult but fascinating branch of work depends entirely upon perfect concealment. For if that is once attained the most timid bird, if it sees nothing to alarm it, will have no hesitation in approaching its nest, and can then be photographed without further loss of time. Many special devices have been used by different workers,



TENT, CAMERA AND STOOL.



HIDING TENT AMONG BUSHES.

and very ingenious, not to say sensational, some of them have been ; but most, if not all of them, have lacked the essential qualities of lightness and portability. If a whole season were to be spent on one farm, or in one district of not too great an extent, artificial tree trunks and the hollow skins of domestic animals would no doubt prove of excellent service for the shyest and most timid creatures ; but for the travelling naturalist their weight and lack of portability would be fatal disqualifications.

When I first started this work in 1893, sixteen years ago, my first idea was to use a large bag made of thin, green fabric, big enough to cover the camera and tripod, while I crouched underneath ; and I still find a somewhat similar contrivance the best thing to use for all-round work. My present bag is of greenish khaki, which is suitable both for use among bushes and hedges and also for mud-flats and open spaces, or among rocks and stones. It is shaped somewhat like a tent, *i.e.*, it tapers towards the top and spreads out at the bottom just enough to include the



PURPLE HERON SETTLING DOWN ON HER EGGS.

legs of a tripod when well straddled out. There is a hole for the lens and also a peephole, several in fact, for after a little use among thorns and briars you can generally find a peephole in any direction. It is well provided with tapes, by means of which branches, bunches of grass, leaves or bracken can be fastened to the outside as a further disguise. It can thus be quickly adapted to suit almost any kind of surroundings, while it weighs next to nothing, and can be packed up like a focussing-cloth and takes up little more room. By using inside this tent a sketching stool, which can be easily carried with the camera-case, and just brings the eye level with the horizontal focussing eyepiece, or focussing glass, some degree of comfort may be obtained. At any rate, it is far less tiring than squatting on the ground, or kneeling, when a long wait of four or five hours or more may be necessary. Hidden in this I find that birds of the most timid disposition approach their nest much more quickly than when I merely use a rough screen of branches or other impromptu hiding contrivances. For instance, last spring I paid a short visit to Holland, where I gave this tent a good trial. It was most satisfactory to see how quickly avocets settled themselves on

their nests and approached my hiding-place without appearing to notice anything very strange. In this case I was working on a perfectly bare mud-flat destitute of any cover; and, as there was no vegetation of any sort available, it was not possible to add anything to disguise the appearance of the tent. It must therefore have been a most conspicuous object, and yet, as there was no indication of any human being, the birds appeared to take very little notice of it. Afterwards I camped out at the edge of a creek, about the margins of which they were feeding. They had no hesitation in passing me on the further side of the creek at a distance of about roysds. Besides avocets, both oyster-catchers and red-shanks fed within a short distance, and neither of these birds is particularly confiding, the redshank in particular being of a very suspicious nature. But the best and most satisfactory test, as well as the most interesting, was experienced at the nest of a purple heron. All the herons are notoriously shy and difficult of approach, and the purple heron is certainly as shy as any of them, not excepting the great white heron. In former years I have spent many hours, and on one occasion a whole day, in

the vain attempt to photograph this bird on its nest. Success was only eventually obtained by the use of an automatic electric device, already described in these pages, by which the heron photographed itself automatically without knowing anything about it. I had found a nest well situated for the attempt, for although in shallow water, it could be approached dry-shod, and I was able to set up the camera and tent within 6yds. in the shelter of a small willow bush already growing there. The addition of more willow branches made the tent very inconspicuous indeed. So much so, in fact, that within a very short time after taking up my position inside I was delighted to see the bird's head and long thin neck peering over the nest as she stalked through the weeds, cautiously scanning the neighbourhood to make sure that there was no danger. I hardly dared to breathe lest she should discover my whereabouts; but, although I was so close to her, she climbed on to the nest and stood erect in a splendid position. Never before had I seen a purple heron at such close quarters,



AVOCET WADING.

Now was my chance, but, by one of those stupidities to which photographers seem ever liable, I had neglected to make sure by actual trial that the mirror of my reflecting camera was connected up with the shutter release. The consequence was that a precious half-minute was lost in putting it right, and I had to be content with getting her in the act of settling down on her eggs.

Quite close to my camera here we found a nest of Savis's warbler, from which the bird slipped off as we approached. I had suspected for some years that this bird nested in this particular locality, but had never before succeeded in finding a nest. In fact, this was the first I had ever seen, although I had heard the curious reeling note many hundreds of times in Hungary and in the Dobrudscha. From the nature of their usual haunts amid the almost impenetrable recesses of the densest reed-beds, the tangled undergrowth is so extremely thick as to render a successful search very difficult. This nest was on the ground, perfectly concealed by the undergrowth, and was entirely composed of dry sedge. In this singular cup of brown and withered leaves were five eggs, thickly freckled all over with ashy brown spots. Very distinguished-looking eggs they were and quite unlike any others with which I am acquainted. The nest also is quite distinctive. The Dutch call the bird "Schnorr," and I have also heard it called "Schneider," which signifies, I believe, a tailor, probably from the whirring, reeling note resembling the whir of a sewing-machine. The spoonbill also breeds in this marsh, but I was told by old Jan, the keeper, that the birds were very shy. So many people had visited them recently, intent on photographs, that they had, according to him, refused to go to their nests, and had dropped food for their young from above without alighting. Under these circumstances I was prepared for a long wait, and perhaps failure, and set up the tent about 8yds. from a nest, with but faint hopes of success. I sat on an old nest, covered by the tent, with my legs in the water, and was agreeably surprised to see the spoonbill standing up on its nest just in front of me long before I had begun to expect it. I was able to secure three photographs without alarming it at all. Within an hour I had set up the



AVOCET ON NEST.

camera, exposed three plates, packed up again and departed, leaving the birds very little disturbed. Never before had I been able to photograph these beautiful birds without spending at the very least three or four hours in the operation, and sometimes double; but often I had not succeeded at all. On the whole, therefore, I was very well contented with the usefulness of this easily-carried method of concealing myself from the sharp sight and instinctive timidity of the shyest birds.

R. B. LODGE.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE BLACK-THROATED DIVER.

I WAS shooting down a small Sussex river in January with a friend who was anxious to secure a specimen or two for a local museum. At a bend in the stream we espied some kind of diver swimming on the river alone, and my friend had little difficulty in securing it. The bird turned out to be a specimen, in immature plumage, of the black-throated diver, in excellent condition. As a rule, I am much averse from shooting—or seeing shot—rare wanderers of this kind; but the object to be attained was a really useful one, and the specimen in question will form a not inconsiderable addition to the museum of which I speak. Red-throated divers are pretty common, usually at sea, along our Sussex



SPOONBILL ON NEST.

Coast; but the black-throated species is a much greater rarity, and only two or three specimens have come into the local bird-stuffers' hands during the last twenty years. The pity of it is that old birds of this species are nearly always found to be in immature plumage. "Lumme" is an old English name for this fine diver, a designation which is also used in Norway for the same bird. "Northern Doucker" and "Speckled Zoon" are also old-fashioned local names in this country. A true Northern species, the black-throated diver, is seldom found in Ireland, but breeds on fresh-water lochs in various parts of the Scottish Highlands, as well as the Hebrides, Orkneys and, occasionally, Shetland. I have noticed these birds with their young in summer on various Norwegian lakes, and they breed freely on many remote and inaccessible waters in the North of Sweden, Finland, Russia and Siberia. This diver is not known, apparently, in Greenland, Iceland or Spitzbergen; but, curiously enough, occurs in Eastern North America. West of the Rocky Mountains a very similar form, having a somewhat paler nape, has been identified. During winter the black-throated diver is found on the coasts and neighbouring waters of the Mediterranean, Black and Caspian Seas. At this season it is found also in Japan. The bird is easy enough to secure on a river where two guns can command the banks; but at sea or on a big inland lake it is quite another story. Here the splendid diving powers of this species can be freely resorted to, and even a

The peregrine which dealt the blow—the tiercel—had struck its prey under the wing, and the deep wound in the side, added to the terrific force with which the bird hit the shingle, had instantly proved fatal. It was a rare piece of wild life, which I would not have missed for a good deal. One may pass weeks, nay, months, in the chosen haunts of these grand falcons without witnessing such a hunting scene.

MORE NOTES ON SUSSEX PEREGRINES.

I was talking a day or two since with a man who, living as he does on these Sussex chalk cliffs and being much in the open air, has peculiar opportunities of observing the habits of these birds. He is, I may say at once, a thoroughly reliable witness. Peregrines are popularly supposed to strike their quarry always in mid-air, and, in the vast majority of cases, I am convinced that they do so. But the observer I have just spoken of tells me that last summer he saw one of these falcons suddenly swoop down among some gorse, seize a rabbit and bear it off—the victim screaming loudly—to its eyrie on the cliff, which happened to be less than a quarter of a mile away. I have heard and read that these falcons will occasionally sweep young rabbits off the side of a cliff; but I never personally remember an instance of their taking a rabbit off the ground in this manner. It was not far from this very spot that a friend of mine, while riding on the downs, saw



A WOODLAND POOL

badly wounded specimen is more likely than not to escape the gunner. No bird is more completely aquatic in its habits, and on land the creature is almost helpless, having to push itself along somewhat after the fashion of a seal.

PEREGRINES AND THEIR QUARRY.

We reached the mouth of our river, where it finds a somewhat difficult passage through a high bed of shingle. Sheltering behind the angle of a tall chalk cliff, to escape the strong northerly wind, we sat down and proceeded to eat our sandwiches, and while doing so were the fortunate witnesses of one of the most interesting episodes in wild life that I have ever witnessed. We had all but finished our lunch when a pair of peregrines which had been hunting a pigeon drove it over the cliff exactly above our heads. One of them struck it fiercely when within 40yds. or 50yds. of the beach, and the unfortunate pigeon hit the shingle with a resounding thud some thirty paces from where we sat. The two falcons were close upon it, and hardly had their victim touched the ground when they were about to descend and begin their meal. At that moment both my companion and I moved, and upon the instant the keen-eyed peregrines swept off and went on under the cliffs. A hundred and fifty yards away they turned and flew towards us again, the tiercel leading; but, thinking better of it, they wheeled again and went up to the cliff. We waited, concealed behind a jutting angle of the chalk, for some time, but the falcons declined to return and we saw them no more. We then proceeded to pick up the victim, which proved to be a domestic pigeon. It was, of course, stone dead, and was already curiously stiff, a tribute, possibly, to the bitter wind blowing.

a peregrine carrying in its talons a curlew, a sufficiently big burden even for such a bird. He shouted and raised his arm and the falcon dropped its prey, which fell dead near the rider.

SPRING COMBATS.

For a fortnight in early spring these falcons go through a very disturbed period, attacking one another fiercely and evidently striving furiously for some particular object. At this time they are extremely noisy, and their screams are more frequently to be heard than at any other period. Not that they are by any means silent birds! When camped by the sea in August I frequently hear them; at this time I believe they are giving the finishing touches to the education of their progeny. Mr. Howard Saunders states, in his "British Birds," that the parents drive away their young in this month. That may be the case where they are absolutely unmolested; but in Sussex, where the early clutches are too frequently stolen, late broods are reared, and the young are certainly not all dismissed by the end of August. To return to the subject of their spring battles, of which I have spoken, my informant tells me that he believes these contests are for the females. This may possibly be the case, though it does not accord with the popular idea. Peregrines are believed to pair for life. Probably in many cases they do so. But where an unpaired male comes along, it is conceivable, surely, that he may succeed in defeating and driving off a weaker tiercel than himself, even although the latter had for some years been attached to the same female. These spring manoeuvres of the peregrines suggest doubts and difficulties which are rather hard of solution. It is more than possible, I think,

that in many cases the birds are struggling for the possession of some favourite eyrie, always to be found along the sea cliffs, and that the stronger and bolder pairs naturally secure the choicest vantage coigns. I see it stated in a recent book on "British Birds"—Mr. Lydekker's—that the peregrine

betakes itself from Great Britain in autumn "eastward or southward in search of warmer winter quarters." This is somewhat too wide a statement. To a limited extent it may be the case, but certainly on our Sussex cliffs there are always peregrines to be found during the months of winter. H. A. B.

LESSER COUNTRY HOUSES OF TO-DAY.

THE two salient features in the house-building of the generation which lies just behind us were its vast quantity and its poor quality. The new houses, both singly and also as part of a composition, should have been made worthy of an age which was in many ways considerable, though the future will not quite take it at its own valuation, but will submit it to a criticism which, certainly as regards its architecture, will not be lenient. Generally speaking—there are happy exceptions—its houses where plain have been mean and where ornate have been ugly. In some cases the strictly utilitarian view prevailed, the house was shaped like a packing-case and there was no attempt at ornament. But more usually it was considered a duty to "beautify," and the most popular method of doing so was to insert a certain proportion of material mechanically decorated—cast, stamped, moulded or what not—possessing no beauty or interest of its own and lacking, in style and position, all correlation to the building into which it was incorporated.

The views on this subject of Mr. Robert Kerr—whose book on "The Gentleman's House" embodied the taste of half a century ago—are instructive. He warns architects that the English have a weakness in favour of plainness and begs them to remember this foible on the part of their clients, though he freely confesses that it is difficult for "an imaginative man" to restrain himself in the matter of "adornment" and "natural in the extreme that a professor of embellishment should forget that embellishment may be a bore." It never occurs to him that a man whose "embellishment" proves a "bore" ought not to be called a "professor," but an ignoramus, who has failed to approach even the outskirts of his art, on whom it has not dawned that architectural excellence depends principally on line, form, proportion and grouping, and that ornament is a mere handmaid who needs severe discipline ere she can wait on them with graciousness and efficiency. Where his "embellisher" has not had scope, Mr. Kerr can only imagine "a family of wealth and rank dwelling within flat brick walls surmounted by red chimneys," and such a social impropriety shocks him. Yet the plain or embellished packing-case style was not by any means the only one in Robert Kerr's day. There was another which, while adopting the same decorative methods, combined it with outlines consciously and determinedly "picturesque." Home farms and entrance lodges were the especially accepted outlets for this vogue, but it extended also to the habitation. Pandora's box was opened, and a rich medley of broken skyline, barge-boarded gable, ornamental ridging and chimney-stack, quaint bay window and unexpected odd corner was poured out by no niggardly hand. This was generally done in the belief that it was, if not a copy, at least a "free adaptation" of old work.

But the copyists began at the wrong end. They made no attempt to inspire themselves with the general spirit of the building which they took as their model. They did not carefully analyse it and seek to discover wherein, precisely, lay the essence of such merit or charm as it might possess. They merely took certain portions, features and details which they fancied would suit their purpose, and even of these the key slipped through their unappreciative fingers. The charm of much of our old simple native work—of the thatched cottage of Devon and Dorset, the timber-framed farmhouse of Surrey and Sussex, the little stone manor of Wilts and Northants—is somewhat illusive. It is certainly there, but it is not always given to the casual observer to recognise exactly its factors. It comes not from a "professor of embellishment," nor even from a learned designer. It does not merely depend on the shape of gables or the arrangement of windows. It is not an adjunct given by certain surface features, but an essence pervading the whole mass which eludes capture by the adapter's clumsy hand. For instance, how many of the homesteads of our fathers scattered about the country-side depend more than anything else for the pleasure they give us upon the prevalence of horizontal lines! The long stretch of roofage, the rows of many mullioned but untransomed windows, the string-course calling attention to the ribbon-like character of the walling of the two low storeys—all these elements, unobtrusive in themselves, combine to create a fraternity between the building and the level meads it stands among, and to give the air of giant guardians to the encompassing elm trees which dominate the scene. "Delightful," says a would-be builder; "we will have just such a house, we will make no changes—except, of course, we can't do with rooms 8 ft. high, they must be at least 10 ft." To have kept the old height would have been a case of that "severe antiquarianism" towards which Mr. Robert Kerr feared there was a growing tendency in his time, whereas in his youth had reigned the happy condition

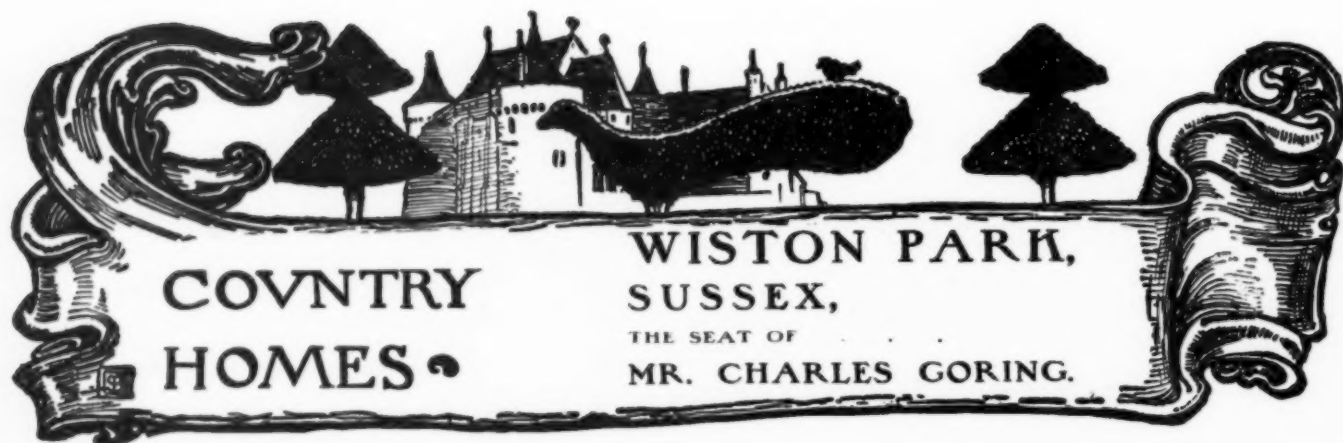
where "the remodelling of ancient examples was quite unfettered and the imitation of their style in new cases was quite free."

A free translation by a man who does not understand the original is foredoomed to failure, and to translate a house whose distinctive form depended on low rooms into one with high rooms is to entirely misunderstand the conditions of good architecture. Small houses in Elizabeth's time were wont to have low rooms; under Queen Anne they were frequently high. There is no need to enter such houses to acquaint ourselves with the fact. It is patent from the exterior. The height of the rooms was not an after-thought of the designer, it was a bed-rock principle on which he founded his whole scheme. Such is one of a hundred modes in which the "free imitator" has totally missed the effect he proposed to repeat, because he has not troubled himself to grasp its causes. There is no reason whatever why we should be bound to the unhappy alternative of accepting "severe antiquarianism," or of altogether declining the tradition and teaching of the past. By all means let us be free imitators, but let us deeply study and scrupulously observe where the right domain of freedom ends and that of imitation begins. A house should be the material expression of its inmates' habits of life and turn of aesthetic thought. As these change, so do the form and the detail of the house, and that is why every age has, or should have, its own style. The student should first seek to realise the conditions of life and thought around him, and after that he may study architecture as much as he pleases. But he should carefully avoid acquiring abstract and eclectic predilections for certain ancient forms, and attempting to coax or force into a framework constructed on those lines a new domestic arrangement with which it has no correspondence or sympathy. Yet he need not divorce himself from the past or rebel against authority. On the contrary, he should take all possible advantage of previous achievement and experience, and then give that special direction and quality to accepted principles and tested forms which will stamp his completed work with the air of being the necessary, obvious and inevitable outcome and embodiment of the human purposes to which the building is to be put. These are well-known doctrines, yet even now they are seldom successfully acted upon. To realise them in an acceptable manner is to set foot on to that narrow and hidden path of originality which lies between the broad, open roads of commonplace and eccentricity. Some travellers at all periods reach it, though their number is at times small indeed. Such was the case in the nineteenth century, but there is hope that the chosen band will show a large increase in the twentieth, and there are new and special needs calling for their attention.

We live in a democratic age. Only a few combine both the means and the desire to house themselves palatially, and there are almost enough mansions of various past ages to satisfy their needs. But there are vast numbers of people who, though their purses are small and their tendencies are towards a simple life, yet attach no less importance to the manner of their housing because the scale they demand is not large. One of the most considerable functions of the architect of to-day is, therefore, the designing of modest houses that thoroughly exemplify the prevalent domestic ethics. Will he rise to the height of his task, and will the "Lesser Country Houses of To-day" be an open book in which a generation that follows may read much of the social and private history of the men of to-day, written in language beautiful from its aptness, engaging from its directness? There is promise and indication that this is so, and the object of the series of illustrated articles that is to appear in COUNTRY LIFE under this heading is to make an enquiry to which a satisfactory answer is fully anticipated. The type, the style, the size, the cost of the houses, will be as much varied as possible, it being understood that large ones are excluded from the present review, and that only quite exceptionally will any that have needed an expenditure larger than £2,000 be included. Each will be analysed as well as described, in order that something of the object with which it was built, of the influences at work in the design, of the ethical tendencies it indicates may be realised.

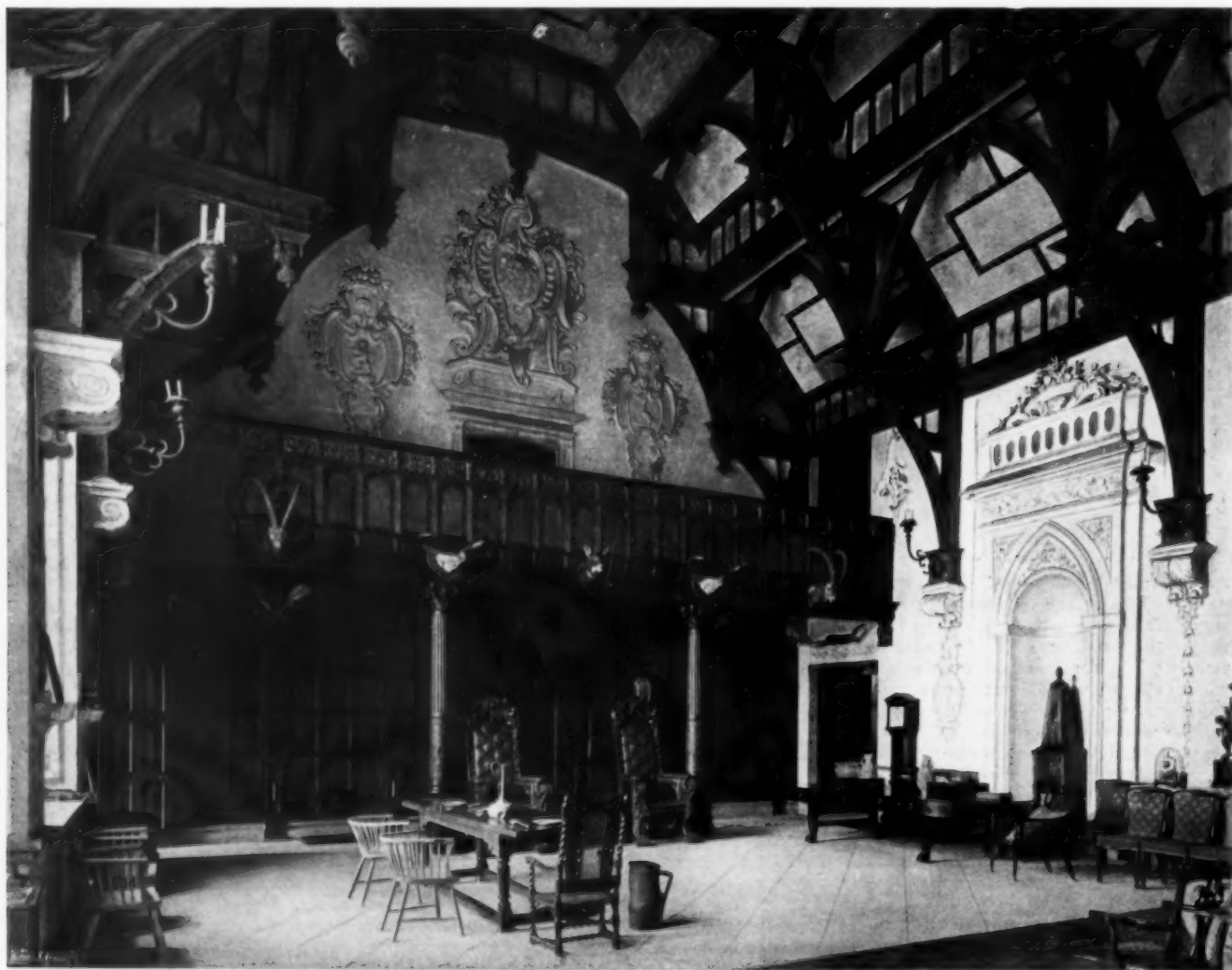
And let this be remembered—just as habits of life and turns of thought influence the plan and appearance of a house, so may the plan and appearance of the house influence the character of its inmates, mentally and physically. Vulgarly of mind will produce a house vulgar in both disposition and ornament. Such a house passing to other inmates who are of the large class that is receptive of influences becomes an agency of evil. But had it been the outcome of a cultured conception of conduct expressed in terms of good architecture it would have had a beneficial effect. That is the desirable type, and the houses to be included in the series are attempts to reach it.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



THOUGH curtailed and altered more than once in the course of the three and a-half centuries of its existence, Wiston is still the house built in Elizabeth's time by a gallant and large-minded knight and the father of three men—a "leash of brethren," as old Fuller puts it—who, in a bold and enterprising age, all distinguished themselves by both the character and the quantity of their adventures. But if both father and sons possessed to the full the high courage and restless intelligence of the generation that produced Drake and Raleigh, Hawkins and Frobisher, they totally lacked that prudence and judgment which is needed for successful endeavour, and thus were lost to the Sherleys the lands which they had inherited from the Domesday tenant. The Rape of Bramber became at the Conquest the prize of William de Braose, and in the parcelling out of his great lordship he granted, on terms of feudal service, the manor of Wistoneston, formerly part of the lands of Earl Godwin, to one Ralph, whose descendants became known by their territorial name. Last of their male line to hold the manor was William de Wistoneston, who, in 1267, redeemed his land from murage, or feudal dues for the repair of his overlord's fortifications. His daughter carried the estates to her

husband, Adam de Bavent, and their male line continued until 1349, when, through the marriage of Eleanor de Bavent to a half-brother of the Lord of Bramber, Wiston, as it came to be called, knew de Braoses for its owners for three generations. A well-known token of their tenure survives. The magnificent fifteenth century brass in Wiston Church has been frequently engraved and much commented upon. It bears a legend in the Latin tongue which tells us that "here lieth Sir John de Brewys, formerly knight, who died the 29th of the month of November in the year of our Lord 1426, to whose soul be God propitious." Heir to Sir John was his widowed sister, Beatrix, on whose succession "four hampers and three willow baskets, of which baskets one is of great length, full of charters and deeds touching the manors of Wystnoston" were handed to her attorneys. Baskets and their contents have disappeared, and thus the early records of the estate and of its owners are scanty, but of the family whose head Beatrix de Braose had married much is known. Not even the modern school of genealogists has dislodged the Shirleys from the rare position of having held the manor of Easington in Warwickshire in direct male succession from a period anterior to the Norman Conquest. According



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THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to their pedigree, eighth in descent from Sewallis, whom the Domesday Surveyors found to be lord of Etendone, is Sir Hugh de Shirley, the husband of Beatrix de Braose. He fought under John of Gaunt in Guienne, and for his son when he became Henry IV. of England. Tradition assigns to him the rôle of being one of those who, on Shrewsbury field in 1403, was

Semblably furnish'd like the King himself

and whom Douglas, swearing to "murder all his wardrobe piece

Wiston, however, was no place of residence of this lord of Eatington and Shirley, and still less of his son whose first marriage gave him also Staunton-Harold, which remains the seat of his descendants, the Earls Ferrers. By his second wife, however, he had issue Ralph, to whom he left the Sussex estates, and who, adopting a slight change of spelling, was the direct ancestor of the Sherleys of Wiston. His son, Sir Richard, directed his body to be buried "in the church of Wiston in the chauncell of our Lady before the image of Seynt Anne."



Copyright.

WOOD AND PLASTER OF TWO PERIODS.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

by piece," slays before he is himself put to flight by Prince Hal, who comes up declaring that

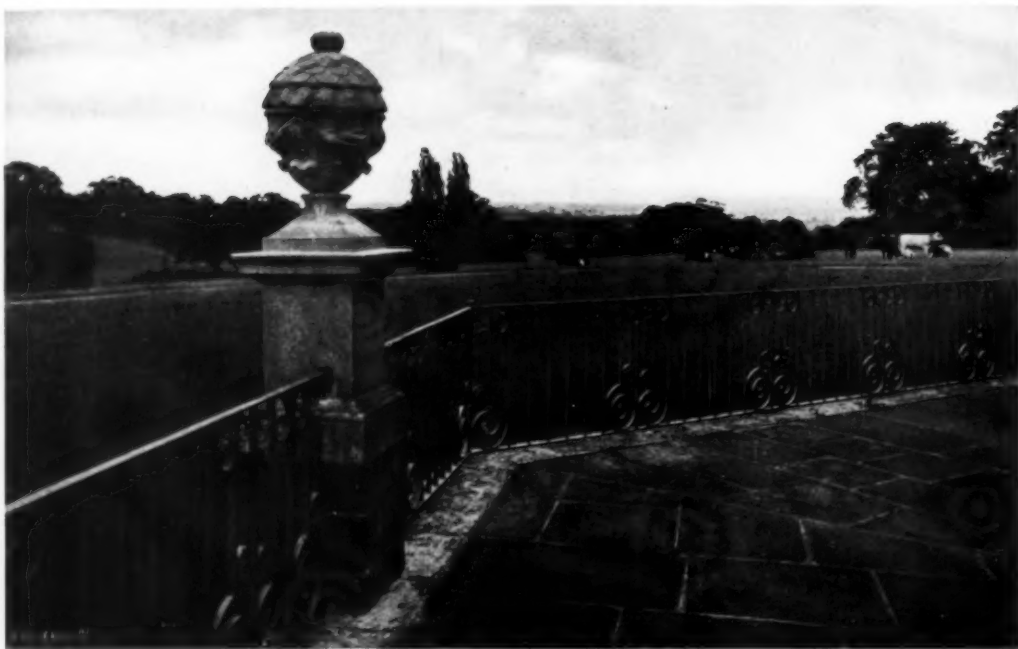
the spirits

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blount are in my arms.

Dame Beatrix's son by this victim of Douglas's sword held a command at Agincourt, saw Henry VI. crowned at Paris and died abroad soon after his mother's death in 1540 had left him in possession of Wiston and five other Sussex manors.

Over it stands the monument erected after his death in 1540. The altar tomb is still Gothic in character, but the frieze over the arched recess which contains the figures of Sir Richard and his two wives has scrolls of Italian Renaissance ornament supporting the shields that quarter Sherley and Braose. His grandson Thomas was nine years old when he came into possession of the ample and flourishing estates in 1551, and after he came to manhood he set about reconstructing Wiston

House. An old painting of Charles I.'s time is preserved there, and gives some idea of what Sir Thomas's building was like. The church is certainly represented with some accuracy, and it is therefore probable that the house is also. In that case many gables and turrets have been removed, the wings have been shortened and a considerable mass of buildings to the north have been taken away. The main lines and details of the fabric, however, are still retained, and the east front is a very good example of Elizabethan designing, slightly mitigated by Palladian alteration, such as the parapet which hides the hall roof and the pediment of the porch. It is one of those houses, of which the half-ruined Kirby is the best example, where a growing love of symmetry has forced the builder into a certain measure of architectural dishonesty. The porch is needed as a central feature; the hall occupies the



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FROM THE TERRACE.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'



CARVED PANELS IN THE CORRIDOR-GALLERY BEHIND THE HALL.

space to the right, and retains the mediæval arrangement of being entered from one end and behind screens and of rising up to the roof. But symmetry required the reduplication on the left of the porch of the tall hall windows on the left, although they light two storeys, and the windows are, therefore, bisected by a floor. That is the only deceit at Kirby, but at Wiston there is an upper row of windows, apparently of Sir Thomas's time, which quite obliterates from the outside any indication of the hall roof which stretches behind the walling down to the level of the lower windows and makes the upper ones, on this side of the porch, mere simulacra. Though mediæval in its height, the hall is not mediæval in its width. It is a rare example of an almost square room, such as obtained later, retaining the open roof of the comparatively narrow Gothic hall. The great span gives to the roof an immense elevation, which called forth all the ingenuity of the master carpenter in its design and construction. The result is so like a simple copy of the roof of the Middle Temple Hall—a description and views of which will be found following this article—that he may well have taken it as his model. The Wiston hall roof is strong, effective, dignified, and was therefore preserved by those who otherwise remodelled the interior almost beyond Sir Thomas's power of recognition. With the exception of the hall roof, such Elizabethan work as the accompanying illustrations show in various rooms is either modern, or recent re-use of old material, and as such will call for description later.

Sir Thomas was knighted at Rye on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit to that town in 1573, a date when his building was in progress, and he was Sheriff of Sussex and Surrey



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THE DINING-ROOM.

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THE MANOR HOUSE AND PARISH CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in 1578, when the building was completed. He was now attaching himself to the interests of the Earl of Leicester, and a friend of the favourite might go far. That he was Leicester's friend is shown by the fact that he it was who was deputed to attempt the difficult task of trying to pacify Elizabeth on the occasion when she was really angry with the man whom she had so long delighted to honour. Anxious up to the very moment of the sailing of the Armada not to break irretrievably with Spain, Elizabeth had refused the sovereignty of the revolted Dutch, but in 1585 she agreed to be their "aiding friend," and Leicester was sent there with an army. Arrived there, instead of temporising as his mistress wished, he accepted the government of the States. Elizabeth was furious, and sent over orders that he should publicly resign his authority. It was then that Leicester chose Sir Thomas Sherley, who was with him in the Low Countries, to go over to Elizabeth and offer explanations. She kept him waiting a whole week for an interview, and then met him with "most bytter wordes." He stood to his guns, declaring that "no government is now possible in the States if you but revoke my Lord, and harm will come of it"; but the Queen declared herself unconvinced and swept out of the room. Leicester was eventually forgiven; but Elizabeth's future conduct towards the Sherley family was always harsh. The thrifty Queen expected to do much of her fighting

by land and sea through her subjects' private enterprise, and Leicester and his friends had to dip deep into their pockets for the Dutch expedition. Sir Thomas Sherley raised a troop, among which were his elder sons, Thomas and Anthony, and the latter was by Sir Philip Sidney's side when he fell at Zutphen in 1586. The next year, Sir Thomas was appointed Treasurer at War in the Low Countries. Perhaps he hoped thereby to improve his finances; but a man who had hopelessly muddled his own money matters was not likely to be successful with those of the State. In 1588 the Sheriff is seizing his goods at Wiston. In 1591 his public accounts are to be overhauled, though it is not till 1596 that "it was discovered that his affairs were so utterly involved that he owed the Queen more than he was worth." Meanwhile, his sons had been getting into trouble. Thomas, though attached to the Royal household, contracted a secret marriage. The Queen looked upon this as an "Acte of suche contempte of her Courte" that the offender spent fourteen weeks in the Marshalsea. Meanwhile Anthony, with the title of Colonel, had gone under Essex on the expedition to Brittany which was to help Henry IV. of France against the Guise party, and the King was so pleased with his conduct that he bestowed on him the order of St. Michael. This was construed into a breach of allegiance to his own Sovereign, and he was recalled and

imprisoned. Out of favour and in financial straits, father and sons agreed to sell all the estates except Wiston, partly for the satisfaction of the Queen and the other creditors, and partly to fit out ships for those buccaneering expeditions which were then the most fashionable though often unsuccessful speculative investments of the day. In Hakluyt's collection may be found "A true relation of the Voyage undertaken by Sir Anthony Sherley Knt. in anno 1596, intended for the Isle of San Tomé but performed to St. Jago, Dominica, Margarita, along the coast of Tierra firma, to the Isle of Jemaica, the bay of the Honduras, 30 leagues up Rio Dolce & homeward by Newfoundland, with the memorable employes atchieved in all this voyage." The result is tersely noticed in one of Sir Robert Cecil's letters. "Anthony Sherley is come home alive but poor." His brother, Sir Thomas (he had been knighted in 1589), started in 1598 "with two shippes which are holly myne owne." His first expedition is described by Chamberlain



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THE PARK RISING TO THE DOWNS

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in one of his letters to Carleton. "Sr Thomas Sherly is returned with his navie royall, and yesterday with his lieutenant generall, Colonell Sims, posted to the Court, as though they had brought tidings of the taking of Sivil or some such towne, when, as God knowes, they have but sackt two poore hamlets of two dozen houses in Portugal, the pillage whereof he gave to his army, reserving to himself only two or three pesaunts to raunsome, of whom when he saw

Venetian States and to the Emperor Rudolph. As he was in close relationship with the Jesuits, and as England was friendly to Turkey, Elizabeth forbade Sir Anthony's presence in her realm, and Mr. Secretary Cecil had him closely watched. Intercepted letters, still preserved in the State paper office, are our best source of information as to both the brothers. But there are many allusions to Sir Anthony, to his bombastic pretensions and to his intrigues, to his alternate extravagance



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THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

he could raise nothing he wold not bring them away for shame." His second voyage was still less successful, and landed him in a Turkish prison. Meanwhile, Sir Anthony and his younger brother Robert had gone to Persia, where Shah Abbas was open to consider a league against Turkey and closer commercial relations with the leading States of Europe. As representing the Shah, Sir Anthony left Persia in 1599, and made his propositions to the chiefs of the Muscovite, Papal and

and penury, in the letters of James I.'s Ambassadors at the Court of Spain. Philip II. had received Sir Anthony very favourably, and had appointed him "General of the Mediterranean Seas" with a view of his harassing both Turks and Dutch. A letter that fell into Cecil's hands, though addressed from Palermo in 1609 to the writer's father, informs the latter that "Captayne Peper will tell you in what a labarinthe of busines I ame, that I have not tyme to eat: muche lesse to wrightt, I am going hence wth 23

ships 7000 menne to land, & 12 peecees of cannō." It would be interesting to know whether his father knew anything of these "peecees of cannō." Two years before, our Ambassador in Venice had sent home a report that stated that Sir Anthony had presented the King of Spain with 100 pieces of artillery, and added "How he came by them I know not, but this is true by God in Heaven." Sir Thomas Sherley, like many other Sussex landowners, was interested in iron forges. Though the making of artillery was very carefully regulated by the State and the export forbidden, there was a good deal of illicit trade, the danger of which would be no deterrent to a man of broken fortunes such as old Sir Thomas had ere now become. We get the last glimpse of him at Wiston in 1611. His youngest son, Sir Robert, had remained behind in Persia when Anthony left, but started on a mission from Shah Abbas to the European Courts in 1608. James I. was always friendly to the Sherleys, and had not his predecessor's objection to receiving a "Persian Ambassador." So Sir Robert came to England in 1611 and visited his father. He found him "very sicke" and "exceedingly trobled in his mynde about a seasure wch he feareth will shortly come upon him and all his tennantts in respect of an arrearage of Rent wch he sayeth is due from him to the Kings Maisty." The son appealed to the Minister and obtained a respite, and next year old Sir Thomas died still seeking opportunities of raising an honest penny. Herein he was not unlike James I., who was enquiring how he could raise more revenue out of the sale of titles of honour. A memorial written by Sir Thomas the younger shortly after his father's death declares that "My father (being a man of excellent and working wit) did find out the device for the making of Baronets, which brought your Majesty's coffers well nigh a hundred thousand pounds, for which he was promised by the late Lord of Salisbury, Lord Treasurer, a good recompense which he never had." Before his father's death young Sir Thomas had, through the interposition of James I., been released from his Turkish captivity, and had returned home, where his circumstances are sufficiently indicated by his brother Robert, on his arrival in England, finding him a prisoner in the King's Bench for debt. After his father's death, he sold Wiston and lived on obscurely in the Isle of Wight. His poverty, however, did not prevent his taking a second wife, who duly presented him with eleven children in addition to the seven which had resulted from his first marriage. As we last hear of him in 1624, he probably died during his brother Robert's second visit to England as Persian Ambassador. He had arrived while James I. was still king, but remained to see Charles on the throne. He returned to Persia, but his time of favour there was over. His pension was cashiered, and



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THE STABLES.

"C.L."

"hence came those discontents, nay that arrow of death that arrested him the 13th of July 1628." Sir Anthony still lived on in Spain, "very much neglected and sometimes like to starve for want of bread." "The poor man," wrote our Ambassador, "comes sometimes to my house and is as full of vanity as ever he was, making himself believe that he shall one day be a great Prince, when for the present he wants shoes to wear." As late as 1627 he is reported as being at Madrid, "daily exhibiting new projects to the council there," and there is even a report of him as still alive in 1636, and if this is correct he was the last survivor of this unquenchably active but sadly unsuccessful family. Meanwhile, Wiston had come into the hands of the ancestor of its present owner. The grandson of John Fagg of Brensett in Kent purchased Wiston at some date between the deaths of the elder and of the younger Sir Thomas Sherley, and was returned as Member for Rye in the Long Parliament in 1640. His brother-in-law, Harbert Morley of Glynde, was then returned for Lewes and became the Colonel Morley who did more to hold Sussex for the Parliament than any of his fellow-landowners. John Fagg in every way abetted him, and lent the Parliament £1,000 in 1643. Both attended the earlier meetings of the High Court that tried Charles I., but retired before the death warrant was signed. Morley was a Parliamentarian and not a Cromwellian, and when Cromwell expelled the Parliament in 1653 he retired to Glynde and Fagg to Wiston. Though both were elected to Cromwell's 1654 Parliament, neither seems to have attended, Morley writing up to town that "a terrible fit of the gout" accounted for them "remaining at their seats." Next year, when enquiry is made in Sussex as to those who would favour a Protectorate for life, it is reported that Fagg "would not stir a hair's breadth" without Colonel Morley, who was against it. Both preferred the restoration of the monarchy to the rule of Lambert after the deposition of Richard Cromwell, and John Evelyn begged his friend Morley, who as Lieutenant of the Tower commanded London, to play the part which Monk journeyed from Scotland to perform. He refused, and so Monk became a Duke, while Morley had to pay £1,000 for his pardon. Meanwhile Fagg for once was evidently "stirring a hair's breadth" without his brother-in-law, for he must have taken sufficient part in the Restoration to have wiped out his past actions. His free pardon, granted under the Great Seal, is still preserved at Wiston, and he obtained a baronetcy in 1661. His possession of Wiston was not undisputed. A grandson of the younger Sir Thomas Sherley became physician to Charles II. and a medical writer of some repute. He challenged his grandfather's right to alienate the family seat. Losing his case, he appealed to the House of Lords in 1674. But Sir John Fagg was then Member for Steyning, and the House of Commons ordered the doctor into the

custody of the serjeant-at-arms for daring to appeal to the Upper House against a member of the Lower one. A fierce Parliamentary quarrel arose which it took a fifteen months' prorogation to cool. Sir John's title to Wiston was confirmed, and the innocent cause of this famous affray between the two Houses was the only sufferer. He died soon after "of grief for his supposed wrongs and apprehension lest he should be deprived of the small residuum of his patrimonial estate"; and with him ended the line of Sherley of Wiston, for Sir Thomas's numerous sons had had no other male progeny.

Sir John Fagg, we are told, found Wiston "disfurnished and probably half ruinous" when he acquired it. Yet we do not now recognise his restoring hand, for the plaster-work in the hall and the woodwork in the corridor-gallery behind the hall are of a rather later date. The plaster-work shows the influence of the French school of Louis XV. upon the type which had prevailed in England under Sir Christopher Wren. It may be compared to what was put into the York Assembly Rooms by Lord Burlington in 1730, or into the Cambridge Senate House by Gibbs in 1722. That brings us to the time of Sir John Fagg's grandson who was in possession of Wiston from 1715 to 1736. This date, however, does not consort with the heraldry. In the great plaster panel which occupies the north end of the hall over the gallery may be seen the bends vair of Fagg placed as a shield of pretence on the chevron between three annulets of Goring. The Gorings are among the oldest and greatest of Sussex families, and of them was Sir Charles Matthews Goring of Highden. He, in 1743, married Miss Elizabeth Fagg, who had inherited Wiston three years earlier. Either, therefore, the shield was altered by him, or the plaster-work is subsequent to that date. That may well be. Plaster-work of this style was used by Gibbs at the Radcliffe Library, which was not finished till this time, and by Ware at the house in South Audley Street, which was sufficiently complete for Lord Chesterfield to occupy in 1749. It remained in vogue till ousted by the severer classical designs which Robert Adam introduced about the time of George III.'s accession. We may therefore look upon Sir Charles Goring as a considerable renovator of Wiston. Some of this plaster-work, such as that surrounding the shields, is somewhat coarse and cumbersome, and marks the decline that had by that time come over the English plasterer's art; but that which occupies the deep window embrasure is good in both design and execution. Still better is the wood wainscoting in the adjoining apartment. The carving at the head and base of the tall panels exhibits a lightness of drawing and a delicacy of touch which puts it in the first rank of the decorative work of its time. Trophies of arms, musical instruments and agricultural implements depend from knotted ribbons almost down to the centre of the panels. But the choicest motifs are below, where the chasing and snaring of birds and beasts are exquisitely wrought in the solid oak of the panel. A pheasant going into a trap and a monkey with bow and arrow shooting an opossum are perhaps the most successful

subjects chosen by the artist, and really deserve detail illustration. The hall gallery is a reconstruction of really fine Jacobean panelling. Of the same character are the wainscoting and overmantel in an upstairs room, but the mantel-piece is marble of eighteenth century design, as are also the steel fender and grate. The date 1623 and many curious emblems of trades occur on the overmantel, but this woodwork is not original to the house. That in the dining-room, however, is a relic of Sir Thomas Sherley the elder. It came out of a room on the north side of the house. There have been some rearrangement and additions to make it fit into its present position. The double



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"COUNTRY LIFE."

doors, for instance, are not of a model used or known in Sir Thomas's day, but the little top panels with carved date, "Anno Domini 1576," are either original or a repeat of Sir Thomas's work. The same applies to the ceiling. It is an exact copy of the one which was in the room from which the wainscoting came, except that the shields quarter Goring and Fagg. The frieze below it was taken from one at Montacute, and was put up about twenty-five years ago.

Wiston is charmingly situated at the foot of the South Downs, of which beautiful views are obtained from the flagged terrace, which, with its balustrade and vases on piers, separates the house from the park. Pursuing the terrace to its end, we

come across a remarkably fine example of English Renaissance work set up against the wall of the house, but evidently a chimney-piece. There is no record of its original position, or of the date or reason for its transference out of doors. Does it really belong to Sir Thomas Sherley's old hall? As the present one there belongs to the age of Wyatt Gothic, and was probably an alteration of about 100 years ago, this is very probable. It may even be a little older than Sir Thomas's time, for the Italian scrolls supporting arms on its lower frieze are almost identical with those on the top of Sir Richard Sherley's tomb already alluded to. He died in 1540, and the chimney-piece and tomb may have been the work of William Sherley, his successor, whose son, Sir Thomas, may have retained the former when he

largely rebuilt the house. But it is not impossible that it dates from rather later, and belongs to the period of Sir Thomas's building. We have here, unfortunately, no heraldry to help us. The small shields have no discernible arms, while the large one, flanked by the warriors in their recesses, is evidently an addition in a later style. On it Fagg impales Morley, and it was therefore Sir John's manner of asserting his ownership after his purchase of the place. Whatever its origin, this great chimney-piece is of unusual excellence and interest, and though the mosses and lichens which now grow on it give it much picturesqueness, every precaution should be taken to preserve intact and uninjured this splendid page in the long and chequered history of this ancient place.

T.

THE HALL OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

THE hall of the Middle Temple is not only an exceptionally fine example of its type and age, it is also in a remarkably good state of preservation, for the repairs and renovations of 1697, 1755, 1791 and 1808 were effected with little damage and obliteration of the original work. It does therefore really belong to the reign of Elizabeth, and speaks to us at first hand of the manner in which Englishmen built and

decorated in her day. In form and in arrangement they were still apt to adhere to mediæval tradition, but in detail and in ornamentation they had adapted newer Continental ideas and models and had produced a native Renaissance style. The hall of the Middle Temple should, therefore, be compared with buildings of the same class, but of somewhat prior date. The hall of the Inn of Court is said to have been begun in 1562, and

it was first used in 1572 when Edmund Plowden was treasurer. In the window above the screen and gallery the year 1570 may be observed writ large in the glass. The roof was probably erected before that date, but the screen was the finishing touch and was not in position till 1574. On the other hand, the roof of the hall of Hampton Court bears abundant evidence in the carving of royal arms, badges and "beasts" that its erection was subsequent to the gift of that palace by Wolsey to his King in 1525. The exact date, indeed, assigned to it from the evidence of the accounts is 1534-35. At that time Anne Boleyn was enjoying her short Queenship, and it is her arms, initials and badges which are coupled with those of Henry VIII. on the screen of King's College Chapel at Cambridge and give us its date. As the roof and screen at the Middle Temple are the best we have of the early half of Elizabeth's day, so are the Hampton Court roof and the King's College screen the finest that remain to us of her father's reign. There are some thirty-five years between them, and there had been much architectural change as well as religious and political upheavals in that interim. The Hampton Court roof closely follows that of Eltham Palace hall, erected by Edward IV. It is essentially Gothic not only in form, but in detail. The principals, constructed in the hammer-beam manner, spring from corbels set in the wall space between the windows. The great outstretching brackets are used as the footing for timber arches, and the space above this supporting and strengthening framework and the roof proper is filled in with Gothic tracery. But the corbels and pendants and the spandrels between them exhibit the new influence which Henry first introduced when he employed Torrigiano to design his father's tomb. This last and finishing section of the work of the roof is completely Italian in design



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SOUTH DOOR OF THE SCREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and Italian in workmanship. Such junction of the Gothic and of the Italian is almost wanting in the King's College screen, which is purely and exclusively Italian in treatment. It is strongly classic in design and in the section of its mouldings, and the carving shows not only the full Italian character, but also all the finish and delicacy of Italian modelling. At the Middle Temple, the roof still exhibits the hammer-beam principle, though here a double tier of brackets is used and the lessened size and promi-

the screen, which is richly and abundantly carved, but lacks that delicacy of both drawing and of execution and that refinement of fancy and of touch which have earned for the King's College example the title of "the finest piece of woodwork this side the Alps." At the same time, there is none of the positive coarseness so frequent in the English carving of Elizabeth's day to be found at the Middle Temple. There is real finish as well as great sumptuousness about its screen. The



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HALL OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

nence thus given to the arching mitigates the Gothic feeling. As regards the detail, both the Gothic and the Italian forms present at Hampton Court have disappeared. There is no carving, but the mouldings, turned work and panels are all in the manner adopted by English handicraftsmen as their own, but founded on models based on a Flemish interpretation of the Renaissance. This is still more true of

figures and caryatides show some knowledge of anatomy, and the elaborate strapwork cartouches which fill the upper panels, if rather overloaded with ornament, were executed by a man of trained eye and practised hand. The entrances, whose round arches are supported by caryatides, were not designed as doorways, for it would seem that no arrangement for closing them was at first contemplated. The gates which are now there, and which are

fitted behind the archway, are of the Wren period, and belong to the 1697 renovations—a period when a good deal of the painted glass, commemorating the chancellors and other distinguished members of the Inn, was put into the south oriel which is illustrated. The heraldic glass, however, which fills this and the other windows is not merely of this period, but covers the whole time that the hall has existed; indeed, it goes even rather further back, and that which is dated 1540 must have been transferred from the older hall. The new one very heavily taxed the resources of the Inn,

he could think of no better model for his hall than that of the Middle Temple. Not only were its measurements adopted—it is 100ft. in length, 44ft. in breadth and 60ft. in height—but a hammer-beam roof of the same character was erected, and the two screens show close similarity of both form and detail. Even in cases where Elizabethan builders worked on a simpler and smaller scale they seem to have cast their eye on the fine Thames-side structure. Sir Thomas Sherley began his Wiston hall at about the time when the Middle Temple corporation were finishing theirs.

A comparison of the two roofs, as shown on pages 306 and 315, will lead to the conviction that the earlier and finer one inspired the later and simpler one. They are of practically the same design, and its adoption at Wiston will account for the unusual shape of the hall. To use the double-bracketed model so characteristic of the Middle Temple roof needed great width. This Sir Thomas was prepared to give, but he did not require, and probably had neither room nor means for, a length of above half that of the hall he was copying. His hall, therefore, instead of being distinctly oblong, gives the impression of positive squareness. The proportions of the Middle Temple Hall are, of course, far more correct and satisfying. It is a splendid apartment, altogether worthy of the many great events and splendid entertainments that have taken place within its walls. T.

LAW AND THE LAND.

IN our last issue a correspondent drew attention to one of the most constant problems of rural life, namely, how to deal with the nuisance caused by gipsies and other nomads. One form of the nuisance that is most commonly complained of is the habit the gipsy bands have of camping for short periods on the roadside waste. They have no right to do this; the road is meant for use as a highway, not for a settlement, and as the highway extends from hedge to hedge, neither gipsies nor anyone else have any right to use the bordering green waste for any other purpose than that of passage from place to place. Although the process of law as to trespass, nuisance and injunction is too slow and too costly to be of avail in this case, there are summary remedies ready at hand. Under Section 72 of the Highway Act, 1835, any hawker, higeler, gipsy or other person travelling, who pitches any tent, booth, stall or stand, or encamps upon any part of any highway, may be fined on summary conviction before a justice, as may the owner of any horse or cattle found lying about or by the side of a highway. Anyone witnessing the commission of these offences may detain the offender and take him before a justice, so if the rural police are reasonably alert, here is a quick means of preventing the nuisance that is so often complained of. It should be observed, however, that the above provision as to encamping would not be applicable for preventing a gipsy taking a reasonable rest by the roadside in the course of his journeying; it is generally regarded as meaning that he must not spend the night there, and hence, perhaps, the popular idea, to which our correspondent referred, that a gipsy cannot be removed until he has spent eight hours on the spot. But there is no hard-and-fast rule, and each case must be considered on its merits, and if a gipsy band are found on the roadside plying their accustomed occupations of peddling, fortune-telling and the like, it is probable that the provision would apply, irrespective of the length of time they had been there.



Copyright

SOUTH ORIEL.

COUNTRY LIFE.

and more than one Act of Parliament was passed under Elizabeth giving facilities for the discharge of the debt. The fabric was so costly that it was felt that the screen should be paid for by private subscription. This, however, was not quite of a voluntary kind, for each bench was assessed to pay 20s., each barrister 10s. and each junior member 6s. 8d. The hall, on its completion, earned universal applause. It was the last word, and if there was to be another as fine it must be a replica. Thus, when Ralph Symonds was designing the new buildings at Trinity College, Cambridge, under the mastership of Dr. Thomas Nevill, which began in 1593,

that is so often complained of. It should be observed, however, that the above provision as to encamping would not be applicable for preventing a gipsy taking a reasonable rest by the roadside in the course of his journeying; it is generally regarded as meaning that he must not spend the night there, and hence, perhaps, the popular idea, to which our correspondent referred, that a gipsy cannot be removed until he has spent eight hours on the spot. But there is no hard-and-fast rule, and each case must be considered on its merits, and if a gipsy band are found on the roadside plying their accustomed occupations of peddling, fortune-telling and the like, it is probable that the provision would apply, irrespective of the length of time they had been there.



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NORTH DOOR OF THE SCREEN: MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

In this connection we may mention another useful though indirect method of attaining the desired end. Every petty chapman or pedler wandering abroad and trading without a licence comes within the category of an idle and disorderly person, and every fortune-teller is a rogue and vagabond in the eyes of the law, and both may be arrested without warrant and punished by imprisonment. A little activity on the part of the local policeman in enquiring as to whether the gipsies possess hawkers' licences will probably result in a speedy removal of the band from the neighbourhood. A complaint to the chief constable or the standing joint committee from any locality would doubtless result in the required stimulation of the rural constables.

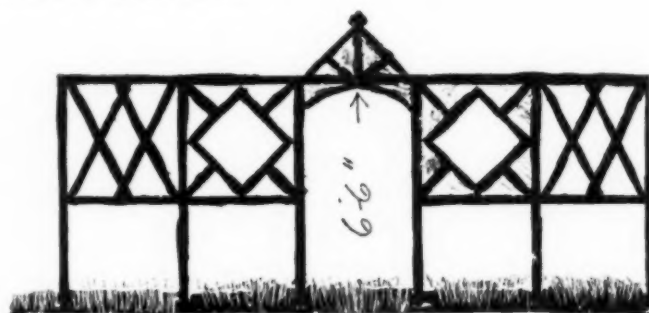
Another and more important branch of the subject relates to the more or less prolonged encampments of gipsies on commons or village greens, or on private property. In the last case the owner or occupier of the field generally consents and obtains a rent, and if there is a substantial nuisance resulting he may be restrained by injunction from allowing his property to be so used as to annoy or imperil the health of his neighbours. As to commons, if there is no nuisance there is no practical remedy by the ordinary process of law, for an action to restrain trespass would hardly be worth bringing. But if the district council have control of the common, or if they make a scheme for

regulating it under the Commons Act, 1899, they have power to make bye-laws, which would provide a summary remedy for any infringement, and such bye-laws could contain any necessary regulations for forbidding or controlling encampments and the like. A similar course may be taken with respect to the village green; the parish council should get the lord of the manor to grant them a lease of it at a trifling rent for the purposes of a recreation ground; there will usually not be much difficulty in doing this, and then they can make bye-laws under the Public Health Act which will prohibit camping and squatting and provide a summary remedy against offenders. It is worth remembering, too, that even where a common is not under the management of a local authority, and the lord of the manor will not exert himself to prevent trespass by gipsies and others, any commoner may distrain any foreign cattle he finds on the common. Again, it will often answer to ask for the production of licences for the dogs that generally accompany the gipsy in force, or to bring about a call from the school attendance officer with regard to the ages and degree of instruction of his numerous children, a little prying about by the sanitary inspector in connection with the accommodation in the vans and their overcrowding, and so on, which are all interferences with his liberty such as the gipsy does not like, and which are likely to be efficacious in procuring a move into the next parish.

IN THE GARDEN.

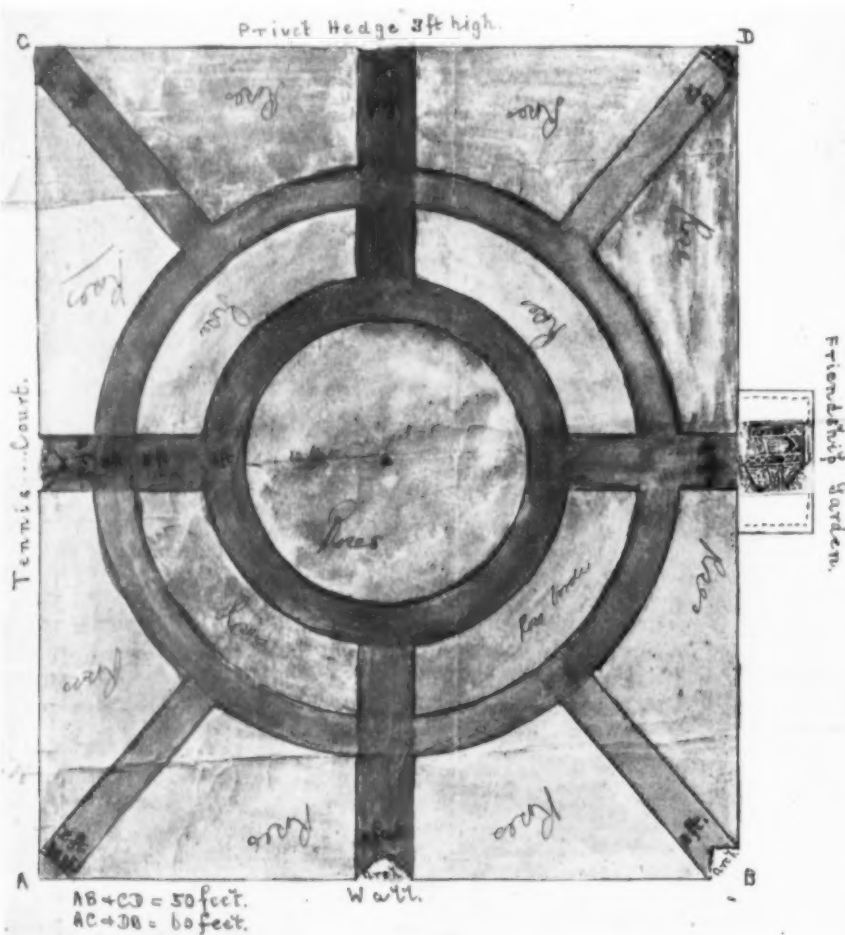
A NEW ROSE GARDEN.

A ROSE garden when filled with rose trees, selected and arranged in beds of different colours, is a picture to the eye and gives a delicious perfume to the senses. It has a soothing influence, and to one who like myself has led an active life, too active to devote time to horticulture until three years ago, and who has lived always in the hope of being able to have a place and time for the culture of flowers, particularly roses, there is ample reward in the beauty and wonders of these beautiful flowers. It had always been my intention to experiment on scientific lines in the cultivation of flowers, vegetables and trees. I have made several experiments in the growth of roses and vegetables, and I shall now describe in simple detail how I began to make my rose garden, transforming it from field to almost perfect garden. It is open to the east and north and protected on the south and west by hedges. The land slopes 1yd. in 11yds. from east to west. It was an old meadow, which had been such for over fifty years. The soil is not deep—below the turf there was an average of about 3in. and this was mixed with gravel. Deeper down there was gravel and lime and a dark brown-coloured soil evidently containing aluminium (clay) and iron, but only



LARCH POLES AND WOODEN TRELLIS.

sparingly. Lime or chalk was found at 16in. from the surface in most places, varying in depth a few inches (chalk is the underlying stratum throughout the whole meadow). I began to make this garden in October and finished it, including the planting of the roses, about the middle of November, 1906. I enclosed from the meadow adjoining my tennis lawn a piece 60ft. square. This was surrounded by larch poles and wooden trellis-work for the use of climbing roses. I made a plan of the plot as follows: A centre bed 19ft. in diameter, which has a fountain in the middle of it. A gravel walk surrounded this. Four smaller beds, each triangular and surrounded by paths, and on the outer sides four more beds not so long but deeper. A bed 4ft. deep runs along the trellis-work and is used for the climbing roses. I removed the turf from each bed, also the under-soil of the same; these were put on one side for future use. The beds were dug exactly 1yd. deep. The gravel and flints were used for the paths and the turf for the beds. Each bed was lined at the sides and bottom with this and then filled up level with the surface with absolutely fresh manure (horse), which was covered with the soil taken from immediately beneath the turf. The manure was well rammed down with a road-maker's rammer before the soil was put in. It was arranged so that the soil in the middle of the bed was raised at least 6in. higher than at the edges. I planted 460 rose trees selected from the best named varieties—teas, hybrid perpetuals, hybrid teas, ramblers, climbers and moss roses. The trees were planted, as each bed was finished, in the following way: A hole, large and deep enough to allow the roots to be spread out and the junction of the graft to be buried, was made. The roots were spread out, covered with the soil which had been taken out and well rammed down. The trees were so firmly put in that no wind or tugging could displace them. When all were put in and the beds raked over, the frost came on. I then spread all over the beds and especially round the stems of the trees (I omitted to say that I planted several thousands of bulbs, Spanish iris, jonquils, narcissus and colchicums between the trees. These were also rammed in. These bulbs were very beautiful and gave the garden a very pretty appearance until the roses came on) fresh peat-moss manure direct from the stables until the whole garden was one mass of peat moss. The scientific use of the manure, in the way in which I used it, proved



PLAN OF ROSE GARDEN.

almost miraculous. I was told by my men and also by other rose-growers that I should kill all my roses and bulbs by using fresh hot manure. It has proved otherwise with me in rose-growing as also in fruit and vegetable growing. I have watched for some years the changes in manure when exposed to the atmosphere. The changes are chemical in every way. (1) Change of temperature, which is increased very rapidly; (2) free ammonia is given off and escapes into the air and so much nitrogen is lost; (3) the nitrogen in the deeper layers of the manure, *i.e.*, nitrates of soda, potash and ammonia are formed, these being so soluble that the first heavy rains take them up in solution and they are passed on into the soil, and in many cases are carried away by excess of water. Hence, in my opinion, old manure loses most of its plant food before it is used. Old manure does contain phosphates, sodas, potash and lime, with small quantities of iron, and, mostly, carbon. These lighten the soil, and answer best for vegetables containing soda and potash, such as cabbage, cauliflower and, in fact, all green vegetables. I do not mean that all the nitrogen is lost, but what I am certain about is that most of it is lost in old manure.

In spring, when the roses were well on in their growth, fresh fowl manure mixed with peat-moss dust was scattered over the beds. As an example of this treatment, I will mention one instance of the enormous growth of a rose tree—a Dorothy Perkins. I planted this against a summer-house facing due east. In November, when it was planted, it was in a 3in. pot, but by the end of July it had covered two sides of the house, one 8ft. square and the other 8ft. by 5ft. Again, my gardener and other growers told me that roses would not do well, in fact, nearly always died, when planted against iron arches. I planted climbing roses (W. A. Richardson, Aimée Vibert, Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, Dorothy Perkins, Dundee Ramblers and many others) against nine of these iron arches, and in eighteen months they densely covered them, and none died. Out of 460 rose trees planted in this way in the rose garden alone, only seven died. To prevent evaporation from the roots, especially those most exposed to the sun's rays, peat moss was spread over them. This manure retains moisture, and when fresh is fully charged with nitrates and ammonia. Again, one can for some time give the plants soluble nitrates by watering the peat moss. The retained salts are passed through by the water, and the moss is left moist. I have often noticed, on the hottest day, that beneath the moss the soil was moist. This manure breaks up and gives a nice appearance to the beds; no dirty straw or litter is seen. Again, when plants are blooming freely, and the tree is carrying its full weight, and especially when one wants a large quantity

of roses, I find that fowl manure (one bucketful to 20gal. of water) is the best nitrogenous liquid food for plants that I have experimented with. By the liberal use of this food one can almost see the trees grow. In the poorer parts of the soil I have, and do now, put fresh fowl manure directly on to the beds—*experientia docet*. Gardening has for ages been done so much in one groove that I must say to find a practical and experimental gardener (one who goes in for original work or takes notes of any treatment which he has followed) is a rare occurrence. I was looked upon as a madman until the roses rewarded me by their wondrous and bountiful display of bloom—not only quantity but quality. Looking at these beautiful flowers and inhaling their fragrance, I felt more than repaid for my labour and care of my friends the roses.

M. CARRINGTON SYKES.

PLANTS FOR HEDGES.

A CORRESPONDENT enquires about the best plants for forming hedges. Of the evergreen shrubs available, the Holly should have first consideration. True, it is slow in growth, but regular when the soil has been well trenched and prepared. May is the month to plant, and the size of the shrubs will depend upon the expenditure allowed. Clipping is best taken in hand in August or early September. The Yew requires no description. Plant it at the same time as the Holly and clip the growths in May. A word of advice may be useful with regard to purchasing—choose the somewhat stunted-looking shrubs instead of those greener and fresher in growth. Box makes a pleasing hedge, especially inside the garden, and should always be kept trim. It is not an easy task to clip an unkempt hedge of Box, owing to the toughness of the wood, and the shrub requires plenty of manure, at least a good top-dressing once in two years. The Box enjoys rich food; and the sickly colour of the leaves so frequently seen is simply the outcome of a poor soil—the plant is starved. As to the merit of Privet as a hedge, that is a matter of individual opinion, but it is one of the most successful shrubs to use in this way in town gardens. Prepare the soil well, and for the first two years clip the growth back hard in spring before new shoots appear. Unless this is done the hedge will become bare at the bottom. If a Laurel hedge is desired, but it is not a shrub we care for, choose the Pyramid Portugal, the clipping to take place in June. Thuja gigantea is sometimes used as a hedge; its foliage has a pleasant scent when brushed against, and in this instance the clipping is an important detail of culture. One well-known authority on hedges recommends this being done twice during the first two years after planting, has taken place; the shears can be used in spring or in autumn. Of deciduous hedges there are the Sweet Briars to form a dividing line wherever this is wanted, and the Myrobellia Plum should be more frequently used; it makes an excellent hedge and forms a good companion to Quick. Plant them in a double row, and cut back the growth hard when they are planted to encourage a good base to the hedge. Then there are Hornbeam and Beech.

C.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY, who has, with good reason, been for some time expected by many to take a first place in the ranks of contemporary novelists, is endangering his position by nursing and brooding over one or two ideas to the exclusion of all others. Sex and poverty bulk far more largely in his novels than they do in life. Class relations are the theme of his latest story, *Fraternity* (Heinemann). The name appears to have been chosen on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, since the object of the writer is to prove that impassable barriers lie between class and class, and that the idea of brotherhood is mythical and illusory. His characters are in two groups, *viz.*, a middle-class circle containing a civil servant, a doctor, a writer and two or three women who paint and call themselves artists, and another of the slums made up of a scavenger, a newspaper man, an artist's model, a charwoman, etc. Apparently he has worried himself into believing that a great gulf is fixed between them. An ancient philosopher, passages from whose imaginary "Book of Universal Brotherhood" seem to incorporate the author's opinions, describes society as "living in layers, as divided from each other class from class." Throughout the story Stone gives the theorems and the novelist shows the corresponding action. In other words, Mr. Galsworthy and his imaginary philosopher set out to disprove the Shakespearian dictum that "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Hilary Dallison is the most important subject of experiment. Throughout the book we are kept on tiptoe to learn if love or lust will not break down the barrier, but "Class has saved me; it has triumphed over my most primitive instincts," is the final account of the matter he wrote to his brother. How caste triumphs over passion will be apparent from the following passage:

Hilary looked at that round, not too cleanly hand. He could see her watching him between her fingers. It was uncanny, almost horrible, like the sight of a cat watching a bird; and he stood appalled at the terrible reality of his position, at the sight of his own future with this girl, with her traditions, customs, life, the thousand and one things that he did not know about her,

that he would have to live with if he once took her. A minute passed, which seemed eternity, for into it was condensed every force of her long pursuit, her instinctive clutching at something that she felt to be security, her reaching upwards, her twining round him.

The explanation, written in cold blood, afterwards, "Class has saved me," carries with it an irresistible reminder of another hero who, in a still more depressing position, startled Lady Booby by referring to his "virtue." It suggests that Mr. Galsworthy exaggerates the thickness of that veneer which we call civilisation. That a man's fastidiousness of eye and nose should save him when all else failed is an idea for satire. But the author is nothing if not in earnest.

When middle-aged love cannot bridge the chasm, the enthusiastic philanthropy of a girl must also fail. Thyme, after a brief experience of "settlement" life in the Euston Road, flies away in horror (on a bicycle) and has to admit with agony

"I thought I could—but I want beautiful things. I can't bear it all so grey and horrible. I'm not like *that* girl. I'm an amateur!"

This comes of being artistic. "I'm only fit for miserable art," says the girl. There is no need to describe the failure of Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace after we are told that she was secretary of the "League for Educating Orphans who have Lost Both Parents," vice-president of the "Forlorn Hope of Maids in Peril" and treasurer to "Thursday Hops for Working Girls." Here the hand of the caricaturist is unconcealed. The "Sanitist" who hopes to elevate the masses by freeing them from germs meets with derision. This criticism of life is wound up with an elfish scene. "Brothers!" is the last word on the lips of the dying apostle and philosopher (whether uttered in deathless hope or final despair we know not), but the cynical last paragraph insinuates that there was none to echo his cry:

Behind the screen of lilac bushes at the gate Bianca saw the dark helmet of a policeman. He stood there staring steadily in the direction of that voice. Raising his lantern, he flashed it into every corner of the garden, searching for those who had been addressed. Satisfied, apparently, that no one was there, he moved it to right and left, lowered it to the level of his breast, and walked slowly on.

Many passages in the book appear to show that, keen as is Mr. Galsworthy's wit, he has not much sense of the ludicrous. There is a dog in it called Miranda—a "lady" dog he calls it, perhaps in deference to the "refinement" of his literary and artistic circle, and whenever this animal appears there is a weak piece of writing. We select a flagrant example:

A nursemaid and two children came and sat down beside him. Then it was that, underneath his seat, Miranda found what she had been looking for all her life. It had no smell, made no movement, was pale-grey in colour, like herself. It had no hair that she could find; its tail was like her own; it took no liberties, was silent, had no passions, committed her to nothing. Standing a few inches from its head, closer than she had ever been of her free will to any dog, she smelt its smell-lessness with a long delicious snuffling, wrinkling up the skin on her forehead, and through her upturned eyes her little moonlight soul looked forth. "How unlike you are," she seemed to say, "to all the other dogs I know! I would love to live with you. Shall I ever find a dog like you again?" "The latest—sterilised wool—see white label underneath: 4s. 3d.!" Suddenly she slithered out her slender grey-pink tongue and licked its nose. The creature moved a little way and stopped. Miranda saw that it had wheels. She lay down close to it, for she knew it was the perfect dog.

The object is, of course, plain. It is to show by the parable of the lady-dog, whose natural instincts are spoiled by petting and feeding, to what a sad pass the cultured human being is coming. But nobody will believe the story. Even a toy bulldog has not lost its primitive natural instincts, and if Mr. Galsworthy so completely fails to understand a dog, how can we accept his account of Hilary Dallison?

And the philosopher, Mr. Stone, is so often shallow that one comes to distrust the many passages from which it is difficult to extract a definite meaning. Take this, for example. "To take life," he says,

was the chief mark of the insensate barbarism still prevailing in those days. It sprang from that most irreligious fetish, the belief in the permanence of the individual ego after death. From the worship of that fetish had come all the sorrows of the human race.

The reference is to an execution, but, as we shall see, Mr. Galsworthy enlarges it to cover warfare. Be it noted that by "those days" Mr. Stone means the present. As long as humanity is guilty of covetousness, jealousy, hate, revenge, there will be murder and the murderer will be hanged; but how the philosopher works it out that the hanging is done because of a belief in the immortality of the soul passes our understanding. At any rate, races which never have troubled about this "fetish" take life with the utmost freedom. We think as little of the application as we do of the text. It comes in the description of the scavenger Reservist's room:

Clothes and garments were hanging on nails, pans lay about the hearth, a sewing-machine stood on a bare deal table. Over the bed was hung an oleograph, from a Christmas supplement, of the birth of Jesus, and above it a bayonet, under which was printed in an illiterate hand on a rough scroll of paper: "Gave three of 'em what for at Elandslaagte. S. Hughes."

It was coarse satire of this description that gave the late Charles Bradlaugh the influence he possessed; but one would have expected Mr. Galsworthy to use a rapier rather than a club. George Eliot set him a better example. Although a Rationalist to the core, she represented the professors of a faith in which she had ceased to believe in their best aspect. In this passage Mr. Galsworthy ceases to be a wide, speculative thinker, and becomes a violent political partisan of a by no means good type.

There are some lovely passages of English in the book, as if to remind us of the Galsworthy we have "lost awhile." It is a very townish book, suburban in its upper, "slummish" in its lower, range. The impression it leaves is that of a writer who has got into a tea party and has lost sight of the sunny fields and wide horizons of life. Besides, it is out of touch with the times. In the days of Jane Austen, when Society was exclusive, there might have been some truth in it; but it is absurd to talk of Society being built in layers at a time when classes are so thoroughly interfused. In law, politics, medicine, literature and even the peerage, this is the day of the self-made man. You may find him in the Cabinet and in the first rank of the Opposition. Contrariwise, the ranks of labour contain innumerable scions of aristocracy to whom fortune has issued a command to step down. The words class and caste are rapidly becoming a mockery, which is the first step towards obsolescence. Yet the barriers between one soul and another are as strong as the walls of Jericho.

Elementary education is doing more than any other agency to establish equality, if not brotherhood. It has sent the sons and daughters of the labourer on new and romantic quests, so that it is difficult to get youths for the plough or women for the dairy. An assumption underlying much of the lamentation of which *Fraternity* is only an example is that the London poor are a fixed and unchanging quantity. Those who sing this burden forget that Nature clears out the families at the third generation. A physician who has done much work among them says the most

frequent malady is Bright's disease, which renders sterile those whom it attacks. Therefore the population over which Mr. Galsworthy yearns so wistfully must depend entirely upon recruits from other classes. The slums are only the gathering-place of the lost.

RUSSIA.

A Tale of Seven Executions, by Leonid Andreëf.

THIS work, recently published in the fifth volume of the "Shipovnik Almanac," will be issued shortly in the collected edition of the works of Leonid Andreëf. It is the successor to the "Life of Man" and "Tsar Hunger," accounts of which have already appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE*, and it was probably written during last summer at the time of the outcry against the executions and tortures in Russia. Tolstoy had written his letter to the European Press. Andreëf gave his book to the Russian people. The letter of the great pamphleteer was reduced two-thirds by the Censor. The work of the young novelist was left un mutilated and passed into the homes and hearts of many thousands throughout the length and breadth of Russia. For the long-drawn-out vengeance of the Russian Government still finds expression in the execution of young men and women who have been concerned in the revolutionary movement. Students of the Universities, young men and women, strong, happy, enthusiastic, pay in cold blood for the words uttered and the deeds done in the heat of comradeship. The Government has been ruthless, the spectacle of its vengeance heart-breaking. The spectacle could shock the aged Tolstoy, who has lived through all the barbarous régimes of the nineteenth century, and he knows the history of the sufferings of the people. The death of so many of the young is horrifying to the aged. The daily execution of children has been the daily insult of mothers; horrifying has the thought been to the aged; to those not so old it has been more poignant. A whole sympathetic world of Russians was waiting for the book that Andreëf has given.

Without doubt the present volume is for the people. It is an oratorical effort; it appeals to the common sympathy in crowds, the mob-sentiments in readers, and its object is to bring the "stones of Rome to rise and mutiny." Its direct narrative, its appeals straight to the heart of sorrow, find listening ears where the poetry of "Tsar Hunger" was merely a foreign language. What, then, is the narrative? This, that His Excellency N—N— was to have been assassinated, but the police discovered the plot. Four Terrorists are arrested at the rendezvous of the attempt; a fifth, who was a fellow-conspirator, is seized at her lodgings. The five revolutionaries, three men and two women, are condemned to be executed. The Government do not execute the condemned till they have a large enough party to make it worth while, so two thieves who have been waiting some weeks for execution are added to this party. The story concerns itself with three subjects—the fear of death, the hopes for immortality, the pity of the death of those so young. Each prisoner is kept several weeks in a cell by himself. A chapter is given to the psychical and mental condition of each of the prisoners. So seven chapters concern themselves with the fear of death, the fear of the unknown, the hope for immortality. At the last they are all brought together and taken in carriages to a glade of a forest by the seashore. And as the sun rises they are hanged. The story is very cleverly written. There is much wonderful psychology in it; but it is most important as being an extraordinarily brilliant popular appeal. It is propagandist work. The account of Werner, the hero of the book, is most thrilling. He is the ringleader. He is an astonishing combination of Sherlock Holmes, Zarathustra and Christ, a man who does not know himself, but who, under the pressure of the question of death, reveals himself to himself. One is perhaps a little vexed at the Sherlock Holmes mask; it seems unworthy of Andreëf. Werner was a man of inscrutable countenance and ever-vigilant eyes. He had learned all there was to learn about men and women, and he despised them. He was of splendid accomplishments, could speak three languages perfectly, commonly spoke German with a Bavarian accent, but could turn on pure Berlin at will. He played a strong game at chess. He played in his brain with himself. Indeed, he started a game the day he was arrested. He played it all the time till the trial, all through the trial and all through the seventeen days up to his last on earth. The death sentence pronounced by the judges did not disturb one piece on the hidden chess-board of his mind. On the morning of the last day he woke with the feeling that he had made a blunder overnight, and he set to work to alter the mistake; but though he revised the game almost from the beginning, he failed to find it. Then the subject of death insinuated itself. He rebukes the unpleasant thought that he has been playing chess to escape fear. He weighs up everything left to him in life and asks, "Where's the fear?" There is no fear. No, there is rather something absolutely antagonistic to fear which is growing in him. Now successively the masks of the man are flung off before death. And first is revealed an imperious wonderful golden youth, a king of men and of life, one beyond life and death and good and evil. He stands as it were upon the knife-edge of a high range of mountains and sees life on the one hand and death on the other flashing together at the horizon in two resplendent seas. But another mask falls away and this vision fades, and a much more naked one is left—a beautiful, tender, loving Man, more like Christ than a man. Now his love, long withheld in a strong heart, bursts out and the old contempt for people has gone. His friends have become his own flesh; the world, life, his own flesh. And this transfigured, beautiful spirit is the heart of this group, and the other four friends are the body and the two robbers are the thieves, one on each side of the crucified Christ. He is numbered among the transgressors. So the picture is made out.

The Russians are a people of many emotions, of many feelings, as various as ready. But there does not appear to be much purpose in their souls. A philosopher of the "will to power" theory has said they have more accumulated will than any other nation. If that is so, they have not yet got possession of that will; it waits for them at compound interest till the nation comes of age.

FALCONRY IN PERSIA.

The *Baznama-yi Nasiri*, a Persian treatise on Falconry. Translated by Lieutenant-Colonel D. C. Phillott. (Bernard Quaritch.)

BY a singularly fortunate combination of circumstances the task of translating the most recent and also, doubtless, the most interesting of the Persian treatises on hawking, has fallen into the hands of Lieutenant-Colonel Phillott, who is himself an accomplished falconer. Consequently all the technical terms used in the original are not only correctly rendered in proper English equivalents, but every word or passage which might appear puzzling or unintelligible to the English reader is elucidated by the translator either in the text or in the copious footnotes which form a conspicuous feature in the volume now published. The author of the work, who, like several other writers on falconry, is of royal lineage, declares with truth that the sixty-four years of his life which had passed in 1868, when the Persian edition was printed, were all spent in the pursuit of field sports. His personal experiences in the hawking-field constitute, therefore, one of the most notable and valuable parts of the book, and warrant the theories and precepts which he enunciates. The value of the volume, both in a practical view to modern European falconers, and from the literary standpoint, cannot be exaggerated. It presents to us a vivid picture of the noble art as it is practised still in Persia. But it also gives us a picture of falconry conducted on a scale far more extensive and important than any which European countries could ever have attained to. If the truth is to be told, the flights of which we in Europe often boast so much appear almost like child's play when compared with those successfully attempted in Persia. For what is the flight at the heron or the kite compared with the flight at an eagle? Now Prince Taymur Mirza assures us that even the eyessaker can be trained to take that formidable quarry. He describes with all the precision that betrays the experienced practitioner the exact methods by which various kinds of eagles can be captured by these desert falcons. Or what is the sport of hare-hawking, so highly esteemed in Africa as well as in Europe, compared with the capture of the gazelle with passage sakers? The whole process of training these very fine falcons both to eagles and gazelles and also to cranes and bustards is described by the Prince with all the detail that practical personal experience can alone supply. Very remarkable to the less well-read European falconer will appear the warning which the author gives to his pupil—on no account to fly his falcons to heron if he intends them to succeed in the much more arduous task of tackling a crane. The heron, which was in Europe long supposed to be unsurpassed as a difficult quarry, thus occupies in Persia quite a low grade in the catalogue.

The most interesting part of the volume, to a European falconer, is that which treats of the training and flying of the shaheen. This graceful and splendid falcon, though smaller than the peregrine, is preferred by many Indian falconers to its more cosmopolitan cousin. Prince Taymur Mirza seems to be also a special admirer of this species, although he is not quite clear in his distinction between the two varieties of it and the veritable *falco peregrinus*. But of the former he says, "Amongst the black-eyed" (that is, all falcons) "it is the hero." He compares the shaheen to a rifle bullet in the hands of an expert marksman, and declares that she "must not miss when cast at quarry within her compass." She can be flown at bustards, wild geese, herons and ravens; nay, even, as it would seem, at cranes. Many

of these precepts and principles are identical with those to be found in European books. But there are hosts of others original and quite new to English readers. And many a useful hint as to the dieting of hawks and the methods of entering them to different quarry will be highly appreciated by European falconers. Appended to the chapters on training and flying and doctoring hawks are various "counsels and admonitions," partly in verse and partly in prose, from which some other people beside falconers might derive profitable instruction. Some interesting passages are included respecting merlins and hobbies, as well as other small hawks, and even owls. And the author fully endorses the view already expressed in *COUNTRY LIFE*, that the powers of the hobby as compared with the merlin have been greatly over-estimated. The Prince, indeed, expressly says that a hobby may be "flown with a merlin, and made to kill by the merlin's assistance," adding that "more than this cannot be expected of it." And Colonel Phillott states in a note that he has never met any Punjab falconer who had even heard of a hobby being trained with any success. The book is well and characteristically illustrated.

ÆSALON.

COARSE FISH AND FINE TACKLE.

Coarse Fish Angling, by "Trent Otter." (J. W. Martin.)

THE autobiographical chapter which opens the "Trent Otter's" (Mr. J. W. Martin) book bears striking witness to the irrepressible love of sport in a man whose early widowed mother's life was spent in, to use his own words, fighting "grim poverty every hour of the day and nearly night." Descended "from the tough and hardy breed of fenmen who fought and bled and died" when "The Wake was up," the author listened as a boy to tales of Were-Wolves or of the hunting of Judas Iscariot by Gabriel's hounds, which was explanation sufficient then of the weird clamour of fighting wildfowl in the dark. The rest of the book is a minute and practical treatise on the styles of fishing known respectively as the Nottingham and Sheffield, in both of which light, short rods, a running reel and fine gut are the leading features. But it is in the chapters on "The Bait Table" that the chief interest lies. The variety, the niceness in preparation of nasty—sometimes very nasty—material, and, lastly, the enormous quantities of ground bait often used will induce a feeling of respectful awe in the mind of the Hampshire fisherman. His outfit is simple compared to this, and he will be the first to acknowledge it. By the way, the use of the fly is too cursorily treated of in the pursuit of chub and rudd. Both fish give most excellent sport in hot weather; but no doubt the float tackle will do more execution the year round. Nicely illustrated, without a suspicion of advertisement in the pictures of tackle, this book is the most exhaustive we have read on the Nottingham style of fishing.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Green Ginger, by Arthur Morrison. (Hutchinson.)

Samuel Pepys, by E. Hallam Moorhouse. (Chapman and Hall.)

The Royal End, by Henry Harland. (Hutchinson.)

Leaves from an Old Country Cricketer's Diary, by W. E. W. Collins (Blackwood.)

Terres de Soleil et de Sommeil, by Ernest Psichari. (Calmann-Lévy.)

[“NOVELS OF THE WEEK” ARE REVIEWED ON PAGE LXIV.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

ARCHER AND GOLFER.

SOME ingenuity, perhaps a little in excess of its due meed, has been bestowed on that hybrid pastime in which an archer is matched against a golfer, and lately that ingenuity has devised a new development. The trouble for the archer has always been that, although he had a distinct advantage in the long game, covering rather more distance, on the average, than the golfer, being more accurate in direction, and never getting a bad lie, it was very difficult for him to induce his arrow to behave nicely in the short game. It was really easier for him to be sure of getting near to a hole in two if the hole were at a distance of something like 400yds. than if it were, say, 250yds., for the former length was for him about two full shots, and with the second of these he could generally rely on being somewhere within 20yds. or 15yds. of the hole; but at the shorter distance what happened was that the first shot took him about 20yds., and left him about 50yds. from the hole. To the archer, aiming at a horizontal surface, this is a most impossible range to "negotiate" with any certainty. There are only two alternatives—to lob the arrow gently into the air, with a very short pull, which is exceedingly difficult to calculate for the distance to which it should propel the missile, or to shoot point blank at the hole. The latter is much the more certain plan if only the arrow sticks in the ground when it strikes it; but this is a very large "if" indeed. Its usual tendency is to skim and skid, so that it often finishes more than 50yds. away from where it struck the ground first. To conquer this skating disposition of the ordinary arrow, a specially ingenious archer hit on the idea of having an arrow made with three prongs, and by means of this contrivance succeeded in getting it to stick almost infallibly, so that the putter, putting down his ball on the spot within the 20yds. radius, had a fairly easy and certain chance of holing out in two more. In former days, before it was the almost universal custom to place an iron rim within the holes, we used to play this match on the system that the archer should go on shooting until the arrow itself was stuck right in the hole; but the putting with the arrow was never quite satisfactory and became impossible because of the infallible breakage of the arrow on the iron when the present guarding of the hole with the iron came into vogue; and the modern plan is to put down a ball on the spot within 20yds. of the hole where the arrow finally cleaves the ground, and pursue the ordinary golfing methods from that point to the holing out. The only drawback to the ingenious three-pronged arrow was that in striking the ground the impact had to be borne by one only, or one principally, of the

prongs, and, unlike the impact when there was only a single point to the arrow, it was not directly in the line of the prong, and consequently the strain was great and the prong very apt to break off, thus bringing the match to an abrupt and undesired conclusion.

PLANES OF MOVEMENT.

This rather alarming heading is culled from the third instalment of the articles by Dr. Carruthers and Mr. Beldam in *Fry's Magazine*. Among a variety of interesting photographs there is one that should appeal particularly to the struggling golfer, because it illustrates exactly what he ought never to do and what he frequently does with calamitous results. The levels that players swing in Dr. Carruthers calls "planes of movement," and he says that it does not much matter what plane we select, whether in common golfing parlance we have a flat or an upright swing, as long as we stick to it. "Don't swap planes in the middle of your swing," would be his proverb, and there is a most instructive photograph of Taylor committing this crime—needless to say, of malice aforethought. He has begun swinging the club low round his body, and then he has changed his mind and lifted the club over his head; we are told he will slice, and we can perfectly credit the statement. This is, we believe, one of the commonest of golfing sins or diseases—we speak with a fellow-feeling for sufferers. The victim, having been thoroughly instructed in the turning movement of the wrists ("screwing," as Dr. Carruthers calls it), begins his swing beautifully, but when he has got about halfway up some demon enters into him and he lifts the club high over his head, while he fondly imagines that he is continuing to swing it smoothly round his shoulder. This photograph of Taylor brings home more vividly than any other that we remember to have seen the results of changing from a flat to an upright plane, as we must now learn to call it. Let us adhere rigidly to our planes of movement.

THE ST. ANDREWS CADDIE-MASTER.

I have only just heard, to my great regret, of the death of Taylor, the one-armed caddie-master at St. Andrews. He was a very good fellow and a most useful man in his place, which will be difficult to fill again. My earliest recollections of St. Andrews have him in a prominent rôle, carrying for the late Captain Stewart, just as he appears in the picture in the Badminton golf volume over the legend, "A Good Caddie." He lost his arm, I believe, by its entanglement in some kind of agricultural machinery, but he never allowed its loss to interfere with

his efficiency as a caddie; and when he was invested with the office and gold-braided cap of the municipal caddie-master he exercised these functions in a magisterial manner which kept his subjects in very good order, yet, withal, as it seemed, in very good humour. It is no easy place that his successor will have to fill.

THE LONDON FOURSOMES.

The London Foursome Tournament makes its appearance this year in a slightly different form, since the number of courses over which the matches are to be played has been increased. This arrangement, it is supposed, will make for a wider general interest in the tournament; but it must be admitted that there is now a very considerable difference in merit between some of the selected courses; if we are unlucky enough to have a spell of wet weather, it would be easy to name one or two of them that will not supply a very satisfactory test of golf. An entry of thirty-three shows that the tournament has attained to a considerable popularity, and the foursome is undoubtedly gaining that position in the public estimation from which it should never have been dethroned by the four-ball match. There are several noticeable absentees, particularly Woking, New Zealand, Walton Heath and Prince's, the three former of which were among the clubs which originally promoted the tournament. The absence of Walton Heath is, we believe, due to a misunderstanding as to dates. Players are probably deterred from entering by fear that should they survive the two or three rounds they will be tied for several weeks. It is rarely possible to get four men who can play off a match in mid-week; consequently, after a good deal of correspondence, the match is nearly always fixed for the week-end, with the result that a victorious pair are more or less tied for more week-ends than they care to give up. *Duice est desipere in loco* is true of golf as of other things, and several consecutive Saturdays of these struggles constitute rather a strenuous existence.

THE CADDIE QUESTION.

"SOME people," says Sir Walter Simpson, "call them 'caddies,' others try to do without them; but experience teaches that a bad one is better than none." This being so, golfers, whose number is ever on the increase, are confronted with the problem of supplying their wants while incurring the least possible amount of moral responsibility; for it is being constantly impressed on them that they do incur moral responsibility both by employing boys who ought to be doing something else, and, in a lesser degree, by not employing the unemployed who can find nothing else to do. A boy who carries clubs for two rounds a day and earns thereby 2s. and his lunch, not to mention possible tips, is earning money very easily, if he is old enough for the task not to be physically exhausting. There are also in the course of his day's work considerable intervals of gentlemanly leisure and an uncertainty as to the amount of work that he will do on any given day, which is likely to have an unsettling effect on his youthful mind. In a correspondence in the columns of *The Times* some time back, the secretary of a country golf club alleged that those who carried clubs as boys became, in his experience, honest workers and good citizens generally; but there is considerable ground for thinking that this secretary's experience was an exceptionally fortunate one, and that a course of carrying produces a disinclination to do an honest day's work. In some country districts, it is alleged on very good authority that a boy who has tasted the joys of carrying may condescend to become a groom, but looks down upon gardening as too laborious and ungenteel a business; as to an ordinary labourer's work, he will have nothing to say to it. These being the chief occupations open to him, it is clear that the boy is likely to degenerate into a loafer, and that is a very serious matter.

A remedy is not easy to suggest. It may safely be assumed that golfers will not go without caddies, and the bait that they offer in the shape of pay is extremely tempting. A boy on leaving school may earn by carrying clubs as much, or nearly as much, as his own father does by working hard as a labourer, and a very great deal more than he would earn by beginning at the bottom rung of the ladder in that profession. This applies to rural rather than to suburban golf, and we may take as an instance Dorsetshire, a typical rural county. Here, we believe, a labourer's wage is about 13s. a week, with the addition of certain odds and ends in the way of perquisites; a boy entering

on a labourer's career when he leaves school will earn 2s. 6d. or 3s. On the other hand, as a caddie he should earn with reasonably good fortune 8s. or 10s. a week, and at times considerably more. It would be demanding too old a head on young shoulders to expect him to spurn the specious half-sovereign and accept the virtuous but unattractive half-crown. In the neighbourhood of large towns it should be possible to obtain men caddies, a point on which we shall say something later; but where boys only are available there are one or two things which might be done to make the life less demoralising.

Clearly a boy should be rigorously turned away as soon as he ceases to be a boy and becomes a young man; that can hardly be denied. The problem is to try to infuse into the boy during his caddie days a taste for regular work, or at least make him resigned to it; moreover, he should not learn to think money easily and irregularly earned. As to the first point, some golf clubs, Woking among others, have a system of employing regularly a certain number of boys. When their services as caddies are required they carry clubs; when they are not wanted they are given work on the course, such as rolling or brushing putting greens, or any other job that the green-keeper may have in hand. This is excellent as far as it goes, and those boys get into the habit of working regularly; so that later on the idea of routine ought not to become distasteful to them. Of course, however, all caddies cannot be included in such a scheme; and it is only feasible at a club which can afford to spend a good deal of money on the upkeep of its course.

A point that appears to us of more general importance is the controlling and standardising of tips to caddies. It must be demoralising to a boy to be constantly receiving, or hoping to receive, sums of varying amount beyond his proper pay, especially as people are always to be found who, possibly from mistaken kindness, tip in an absurdly lavish way. To advocate the abolition of tips altogether is a strong measure, for most people like to give some small extra reward to a caddie who has shown commendable zeal in his duties; but such reward should be rigidly restricted to quite a small amount. At one club members are besought not to give the boys any money, but they may, if they like, tell the boy to get his "tea." The boy can then either get the tea itself, or he can draw in cash the 4d. that is the price of it. Thus the tip becomes rigidly standardised at 4d., which is quite as much as the boy ought to get. Incidentally, this is a great comfort to golfers themselves, for where promiscuous tipping is allowed, caddies can look quite as unpleasantly dissatisfied as the crustiest of cabmen if they receive a sum that they think insufficient.

Most golfers probably prefer boys to grown men as caddies, if only for Sir Walter Simpson's reason, that boys are more "scoldable." At the same time, they are prepared to employ

men if they think that they ought to do so, so long as the term "man" is not synonymous with blackguard. On many courses near big towns there are men caddies who are of an age to be doing ordinary work, but who have "loafer" written on every feature and are insolent, lazy and addicted to drink. A short experience of such caddies gives many golfers a lasting predilection in favour of boys; but, as a matter of fact, it is often possible to get elderly respectable men who are past other work and yet make very good caddies. The Walton Heath Club employs some thirty elderly men as caddies, and guarantees them a weekly wage of 10s. On a course where there is so much play, no doubt they make considerably more in many weeks. This plan has, we believe, been found to work very well, and the middle-aged gentlemen who carry one's clubs there are certainly inoffensive, and often good and zealous caddies.

The subject is a large one, and little more can be done in one article than indicate some of the difficulties. In the case of boys, however, it may be permissible to reiterate that there is a great deal to be done by the discouraging of uncontrolled tipping.



Platt. A CINGALESE CADDIE. Ceylon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOODCOCK MARKED AT ALNWICK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you, as promised, the record of woodcock marked at Alnwick since 1891, with the exception of two years in which none was marked. As you will see from the record, the number of birds breeding has increased very largely during these years, whereas the number of birds recovered has not increased in anything like the same proportion. A considerable number of marked birds have, however, been heard of at various times; but as no authentic information with regard to them has been to hand, they are not included in the list.—WILLIAM PERCY.

No. of Birds marked in each year.	No. of such birds recovered up to date.	When and Where killed.
1891 .. 6 ..	3 ..	November, 1891, Northumberland
1892 .. 5 ..	1 ..	October, 1892 ..
1893 .. — ..	None marked.	December, 1892 ..
1894 .. 4 ..	3 ..	January, 1896 ..
1895 .. 5 ..	Some heard of, but none authenticated.	November, 1894 ..
1896 .. 9 ..	3 ..	January, 1895 ..
1897 .. 19 ..	4 ..	1897, Suffolk ..
1898 .. 23 ..	5 ..	November, 1896, Northumberland
1899 .. — ..	None marked.	December, 1896 ..
1900 .. 25 ..	2 ..	November, 1898 ..
1901 .. 22 ..	3 ..	December, 1898 ..
1902 .. 25 ..	4 ..	December, 1897, Co. Wexford, Ireland
1903 .. 26 ..	6 ..	January, 1898, Northumberland
1904 .. 49 ..	2 ..	December, 1901 ..
1905 .. 51 ..	5 ..	January, 1901 ..
1906 .. 35 ..	8 ..	January, 1899 ..
1907 .. 36 ..	4 ..	February, 1901 ..
1908 .. 30-40 ..	5 ..	December, 1902 ..
		November, 1903 ..
		December, 1903, Galloway House, N.B.
		January, 1904, Northumberland
		October, 1902, ..
		December, 1907 ..
		March, 1903, Co. Cork, Ireland
		November, 1903, Forfarshire, N.B.
		.. Somerset ..
		.. Northumberland ..
		December, 1903 ..
		January, 1904 ..
		.. 1907, Co. Cork, Ireland
		November, 1906, Northumberland
		January, 1908, Co. Cork, Ireland
		November, 1906, Co. Limerick, Ireland
		December, 1906, Co. Antrim ..
		January, 1907, Northumberland
		December, 1907, Cotes-du-Nord, Brittany
		1908, Northumberland
		November, 1906 ..
	
		January, 1907 ..
		December, 1907 ..
		September, 1906, Heriot, N.B.
		January, 1909, Northumberland
		September, 1907 ..
		November, 1907 ..
		January, 1908 ..
		December, 1908 ..
		September, 1908 ..
		November, 1908 ..
		December, 1908 ..
		.. Argyll ..

A SWIMMING PARTRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was recently walking along Hale Cliff on the Mersey when my dog put up a partridge, which flew for about 30yds. over the river and then dropped in. I did not see how it dropped in, however. It went up with the tide, which was a very high one, for some distance, but when I took my dog away and stopped it barking, the partridge deliberately turned in towards the shore and swam for the 30yds. or so right across the incoming tide, and went slowly across the beach and hid under the bank. I picked it up, but it was not wounded or hurt, so far as I could see. I carried it for some distance, and when it was dry and warm I put it down, and, after running a short distance, it flew away, apparently quite strong. I am led to send you this account, as you have already published a story of a swimming pheasant.—W. M. B.

PARTRIDGES AND TERNS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The interesting correspondence on this subject is in strict accord with an incident related to me by William Farren of Ravenglass, one of Nature's naturalists. He once found in his district a number of common terns attacking a family of partridges. All were dead except one adult, which was *in extremis*; and it was only after careful examination by his naturalist friend, the local doctor, whose name I regret having forgotten, that in each case the skull was found to have been pierced with minute holes by the sharp-pointed beaks of their assailants. My informant, by the way, must not be confounded with Mr. William Farren, the talented photographer of Cambridge, whose charming contributions to your paper are so welcome.—JASPER ATKINSON, Hon. Secretary, Zoological Photographic Club.

BIRDS AS WEATHER PROPHETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Seton Gordon, in his article on "Wild Country Life" in last week's issue of your paper, writes: "It would be most interesting to hear if any readers of these pages have corroborative evidence" of the comparatively little knowledge of coming changes in the weather shown by birds. May I quote a recent experience? On Tuesday, December 29th, 1908, there was a heavy fall of snow practically over the whole of England. On the following day, the 30th, the weather was fine, but the ground was deeply covered with the mantle of snow. I was out shooting with some friends at Wigton, near Axminster in South Devon, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. During the whole of that interval there was a steady

migration of larks, flying from East to West. At no moment were there less than fifty birds visible in the air above, and often there were as many as 200 in sight. Occasionally one noticed redwings, fieldfares and a few bramblings among the migrating birds, but the mass of them were skylarks, and they flew steadily in the direct line for West, and none of them ever alighted on the ground. By four o'clock a distinct rise in temperature was noticeable and a rapid thaw set in, so that by the next morning, December 31st, though snow was still lying in drifts under the hedgerows, the fields were green and open again. Yet the birds seemed to have no premonition or instinct that, if they remained where they were, their feeding grounds would in a very few hours be open to them again. It struck me much at the time, and the experience bears out Mr. Seton Gordon's observations in the North Country.—E. G.

ELECTRIC LIGHT CHANDELIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The article in your issue of the 13th inst. on "Electric Light Chandeliers" raises several points of interest. I am ready to admit that some of the old fittings used for candles, or lamps, and especially the crystal chandeliers, are, in certain cases, appropriate for the latest illuminant; but these cases are the exceptional. Electric light has not as yet "found itself" in the matter of fittings, and the title of your article, for which I would substitute the single word "Electroliers," goes far to prove my assertion. The electric incandescent lamp has advantages over all previous illuminants. It is smokeless, heatless and incapable of causing combustion; it can be hung and fitted in any position; its only disadvantage, shared in some degree by other methods of lighting, is the glare caused by the brilliancy of the light. As electricity is communicated by means of a wire, the fittings should allow the light to hang, light undermost fitting uppermost, exactly the contrary of caniles, lamps or gas; and in the matter of shading, new methods and materials impracticable with other illuminants can be employed with great effect. The proper distribution of light has to be considered, whatever the light employed, but I am convinced that electricity is both as to quality of light, if properly shaded and arranged, and as to adaptability second to none. Another point in designing a shade for this light should be noted—that the shade of an electric lamp is merely a shade and need not protect the light against draught or wind, hence the design should be as light as possible. As the increased efficiency of the metallic filament lamps has diminished the cost of electricity and brought it within reach of the many it is more than ever important that it should be fitted and shaded appropriately.—R. T. H.

A TAME CHAFFINCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some two years ago you found place in COUNTRY LIFE for a picture of my little tame chaffinch. Here is his latest portrait taken last week. It is four years now since he attached himself to me, and he grows more confident and more dependent as time goes on. He is showing signs of age now, and is no longer as handsome in colouring or as bold in bearing as he used to be, and has to give way to younger and better-looking cocks in the garden. Last spring he lost his mate early in the nesting season—she dashed herself against a window-pane—and so he led a bachelor life of ease and idleness all through the summer. This rather demoralised him, and he grew fat and quarrelsome, and sought my company, where he felt appreciated, more than ever. He went off with the other cocks, however, at the flocking-time in September, and I saw very little of him for two or three months. But still, every ten days or so he would suddenly appear in great haste just to see if I was still there, alighting on my hand for a moment; he would not stay for food, and would disappear as rapidly as he came. He returned to the garden just before Christmas. About a fortnight ago he brought a shy little hen chaffinch with him to share his meal, but



she stood with her head on one side, eyeing the situation in alarmed surprise. When he had eaten as much biscuit as he could hold, he kindly carried a morsel and laid it by her. Now she always comes with him and feeds, though she will not settle on my hand. The other cocks in the garden simply hate him and attack him if I am not there to protect him. I have some doubts whether, with their handsomer plumage and more natural ways, the little lady bird will not be won away from him and he may have to go again through the nesting season in lonely idleness. I send you this picture as it may be the last one I shall be able to take, for he is getting old and may not live long. His personal attachment to me is curious. His little head-feathers stand up in



They belong to the lad shown in the photograph, a nephew of Mr. Smith of Redgate Farm, near Usk, Monmouthshire. When going rabbiting he simply puts his ferret in the dog's mouth and the dog carries it. When nets are all ready on the holes, the intelligent old dog puts the ferret down by one of them. After "bolting" all the rabbits the ferret reappears, to be at once picked up by the dog and carried to the next earths. —P. T. CLIFT.

a crest when he first sees me in the morning. He always arrives at my open window at sunrise and calls loudly if I do not give him his breakfast at once. When I leave home I have to depute a kindly maid to see to his wants, as I am afraid he would starve if he were forgotten, though he finds his way to our dog's dinner and often feeds quite happily close to the dog's nose. —G. MEINERTZ-HAGEN.

DOG AND FERRET.

TO THE EDITOR.
SIR,—I think the enclosed photograph may be of interest to some of your readers. It is very seldom that we see a dog and ferret on such good terms.

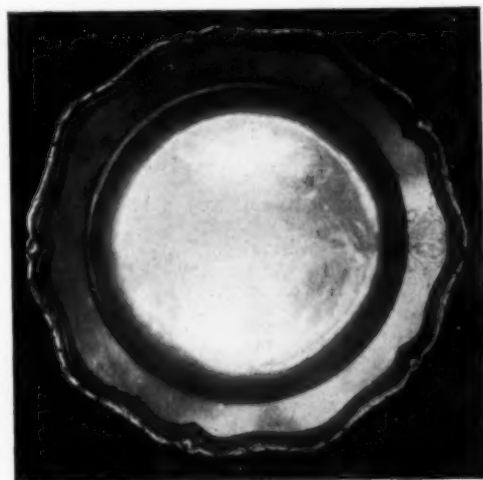
THE WOBURN EXPERIMENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In suggesting that ramming trees on planting might have a different effect when dealing with apples and pears on the free stocks from what it has when they are on the dwarfing stocks, Mr. Bunyard must have overlooked the fact that a large proportion of our experiments were actually made with apples on the free stock, and that they behaved just the same as the others. From the tables in our report he will see that fifteen sets of apples on the free stock, comprising 260 trees, were planted, and that the average effect of ramming on them was an increase of 37 per cent. of growth during the first year against 38 per cent. as the mean results of all our experiments. Such an agreement quite negatives the suggestion that the stocks behave differently. In only one set did the rammed trees do appreciably less well (17 per cent.) than the unrammed ones. Only one set of standard pears on the pear stock were examined, and they gave an excess of 100 per cent. growth in favour of ramming. I quite agree, however, with Mr. Bunyard that where the results depend on the sending out of new roots chiefly from the stems, especially from rather high up the stems, the two sorts of stocks may behave differently. This we found to be the case, and carefully pointed it out, when investigating the effect of planting stocks deep in the ground. I trust that Mr. Bunyard will give the details of the proof which he says has been obtained that roots improperly cut die back and lead to decay in the tree. I am quite aware, of course, that it is always said that this happens, and have often tried to find it; but, so far, I have only found that clean-cut roots die back just as often as roughly-cut or broken ones, at any rate with trees at



an ordinary planting age. In stating that the root-tips are not spoiled in lifting trees, I think Mr. Bunyard does not quite realise that the root-tips, properly so called, consisting of cells which divide and multiply so as to produce elongation of the root, are almost or quite microscopic, and the only ones which could escape destruction when the tree is lifted are those which happen to remain enclosed in bits of earth. There may be a certain number thus protected in the case of trees moved by a nurseryman from one part of his ground to the other, but they are few indeed in the case of trees which have been sent on a journey. A nurseryman's experience in this matter may, as we pointed out, be somewhat different from that of a grower. The only way of ascertaining with certainty whether the original fibrous roots are growing from their old tips or not is to lift and examine the trees a week or two after growth has started. In every case where I have done so, I have found that growth was not occurring from the ends of the old fibres. This is an observation, however, which must have been rarely made by practical growers, as it generally results in killing the trees. I shall look forward with much interest to the results of the experiments on ramming which Mr. Bunyard proposes to try; but I think there is little probability of their being different from those obtained by myself and others in eight counties other than Kent, at any rate if his soil is heavy enough for the effect of the ramming to persist until the trees begin to grow. —SPENCER PICKERING.



OLD PEWTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was much struck with your correspondent's photograph of his collection of pewter in COUNTRY LIFE of February 20th. But though I have watched all photographs of pewter which have appeared in your paper at different times, I have never seen one of a plate with a rim like the one of which I enclose a print. I wonder if any of your numerous readers have any similar specimens. I have been told that plates with rims are very uncommon. —FRANCES PITT.

ENGLISH EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "W. G. W." hits the right nail on the head when he says the public will pay more for certainty in obtaining fresh eggs, but how these are to be collected daily from cottagers and small holders without making the price prohibitive it is hard to see. —B. V.

LAWN TENNIS COURTS OTHER THAN GRASS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see that one of your correspondents has been enquiring about concrete tennis courts. I can give him one or two hints which are the result of experience. Have a very slight slope so that the water drains off; make the surface as smooth as possible; either paint the court or else mix the concrete with some dark substance, else the court glares too much in the sun. This is very important, as a cement-coloured court is unusable in the summer. If possible, put about 12ft. of concrete at each end, or else have perfectly rolled gravel. Concrete courts require much more run back than grass, and the change from concrete to anything else is very trying. Use uncovered red rubber balls; the roughened variety are best. I shall be pleased to give any other information you may require. —R. L. C.

SNOWDROPS AT CASTLE MENZIES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the snowdrops at Castle Menzies, which I should be very pleased if you could find room for in COUNTRY LIFE. —MARJORIE DALRYMPLE.